# The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1599 SEPT. 13, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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*With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE*

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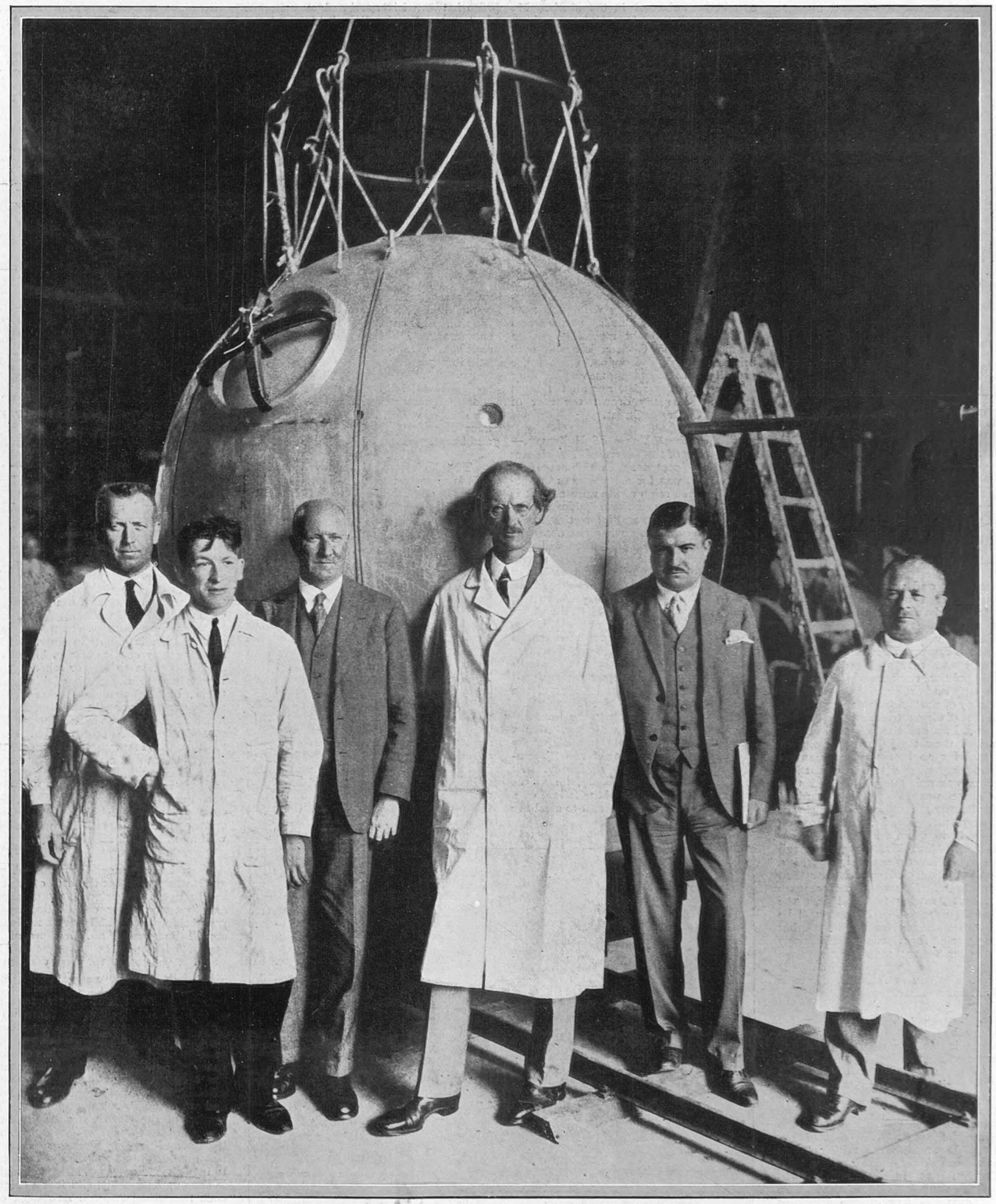


## ATTEMPTING AN ASCENT TEN MILES IN THE AIR

### in the First Aerial Laboratory

Professor A. Piccard, of Brussels University, is attempting this week an exploit paralleled only in the pages of Jules Verne. He will endeavour to ascend in a metallic balloon, 16,000 metres (about ten miles) into the air to collect data concerning cosmic radiation. Augsburg has been selected as the starting-point owing to its freedom from cross winds. The gondola is an aluminium sphere, half of which is painted black, to regulate the temperature. The present altitude record is about nine miles. M. Piccard's first attempt was delayed by adverse climatic conditions.

# A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 10, 1930.

**Bromley.**—Bromley has spoken in no uncertain voice. This is how every by-election has spoken since Parliament existed in the view of some body of political opinion. Myself, I shall continue to regard the voice of the by-election as the voice of the Oracle of Delphi. For invariably, while it appears to flatter some particular cause, it tells us nothing definite but the inevitable reaction of public opinion as soon as ever it has had time to discover the futility of the Government it has last placed in office to cope with our post-War problems. Bromley has declared that Mr. MacDonald and his merry-andrews are no

FAITHFUL BROMLEY: The successful Conservative candidate, Mr. Campbell, who, despite the opposition of Liberal and Labour candidates plus the strong fight put up by the Empire Free Trader, Mr. Redwood, kept the constituency staunch to Mr. Baldwin

better than their predecessors, and had better give the other side a chance. But Bromley has said nothing very clear about Empire preference or Liberalism or Conservatism.

**Rumours and Hopes.**—The Silly Season has lived up to its name lately and performed a number of its time-honoured tricks—that hopeful little boom on 'Change which flatters but to disappoint the depressed *revenant* from the hills and the sea, and that crop of thrilling political rumours which are born in the City and are proof positive of the artificiality of the Stock Exchange revival. In the face of dismal traffic returns, Home rails perked up, and the industrial favourites raised their tired heads a point or two; and for no better reason than because someone started the hare that Mr. Snowden was going to resign and that Mr. George was joining the Board of Hope (deferred) Brothers as Minister of Unemployment. No, sir. Mr. Snowden will remain in office while the Government lasts. And Mr. George, though admittedly he loves place and power, is a shrewd politician, and sees farther than most of them. He would never jump into a boat knowing full well that the leap would capsize it. He may well be bored with watching from the bank, but he has no mind for a struggle in a choppy sea. Better to rot than to rat, when ratting is of the drowned-rat kind. It was just silly season fever, accentuated by abnormal weather.

**Mr. Lansbury Goes North.**—Mr. Lansbury has attempted to storm the keep. It is his aim when the Labour Government goes at last into the wilderness to leave one name that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust of our municipal parks. Having made his mark on the London parks, he travelled to Glasgow last week and admonished the superintendents of Scottish parks. I may say that "Down with the railings" was originally *my* slogan, and was often used in THE SPHERE in 1927, and brought me, if the truth be told, several sharp letters from die-hards of the privileged class. I urged the removal of the railings from all square gardens no longer solely residential. But I never went so far as to suggest that Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens should be open spaces day and night. I have not Mr. Lansbury's faith in the taste and decency of the public. A small percentage of black sheep can turn a public Arcadia into a hell—and constantly do so. But Mr. Lansbury has forgotten the police-evidence in the last parks' enquiry. Nor does Scotland yield instantly to Mr. Lansbury's charm and idealism. I observe with a smile that the leading Scottish papers gave a proper snub to his bold suggestion that Sunday games should be universal in the north. He may know all there is to be known about the art of publicity, but he doesn't know Scotland.

**The Nelson Touch.**—Mr. Lansbury's undertaking to examine the possibilities of brightening Trafalgar Square with geranium beds and a bandstand is bound to lure the die-hards once more from their ditch. Let me give them a word of comfort from history. It is not the first time that an effort to brighten Trafalgar Square has been defeated by a determined opposition. A strenuous attempt was made half-a-century ago to colour the lions scarlet, and a great number of people were in favour of the plan. Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it, for Mr. Lansbury (whose determination to leave London a brighter place for the kiddies than he found it, is strong as iron) is the man who gets things done. He does not toy with ideas; he lays bricks, nails planks, and smears paint. But I doubt myself if all the enamel paint in Christendom will ever brighten grey old London, nor all the geraniums in existence make Trafalgar Square a beauty spot, nor all the brass bands in Germany drown the roar of traffic in Cockspur Street.

**A Hundred Years of Railways.**—The opening of the Liverpool-Manchester Railway, the centenary of which event falls on the 13th, was for all purposes the beginning of the reign of the railroad. It is a centenary of peculiar significance because moral lessons and interesting reflections jostle each other when one considers the celebrations, which I hope will give a needed fillip and a well-deserved advertisement to the certainty and safety of railway travel. Few great inventions have had to fight against more stubborn and determined opposition. Not the Tory fox-hunting squire only, not the horse-breeding and horsey communities or the agricultural interests only, fought bitterly in the last ditch; the opposition was from every class; it was a superstitious dread which inspired a national loathing of the Devil's kettle; and Mr. Huskisson's death was a terrible blow to the hopes of the pioneers. I have in my possession a long letter written to my grandfather by Mr. Calcraft, a member of the Government who attended the ceremony. At heart a broad-minded Whig, he voices the general expectation of the failure of a fantastic and impious attempt to steal fire from Olympus.

**A Short Life.**—Our present age has this supreme advantage over that age. We have ceased to feel superstitious dread of new inventions, and the pioneer is free to dream and plan unhampered by blind discouragement. Another reflection. The centenary celebrations coincide with a notable modern annual fixture—the air race between Liverpool and Manchester. It is extraordinarily difficult to accept the shortness of the life of the railroad. To us it appears an institution as old as sin and as antiquated as hand-reaping.

**The Danger of a Monopoly.**—And another point. The railroad centenary drives home a bitter lesson of human pride and blindness. The railroad soon became an unchallenged monopoly, as a result of which its directors grew more and more lazy, purblind, and tyrannical. They cared not at all to woo the public favour, and saw no dangers ahead from young rivals. They neglected the ordinary precaution to protect themselves, while they could, by obtaining powers to carry the public on the highways, let alone along airways. But, for all that, the public must accord a word of thanks and praise for an unparalleled achievement in public service, a service never equalled in punctuality, safety, and comfort. Still the railroad is capable of winning back to supremacy. Still the railway is the most satisfactory mode of long distance travel. Still it is the only possible means of bulk transport for freight. The centenary teaches to all industries the vital lessons that the greater the monopoly the more the need of vision, the greater the importance of considering the public comfort and keeping alive to modern conditions.

**The Height of London Buildings.**—It is a comfort to note the regulations of the London Building Act which comes into operation next month. Under our present law there is no chance of our emulating New York. Queen Anne's Mansions remain a hideous monument, in height almost exactly twice the present regulation maximum of 80 ft. Which is a startling fact. It shows the conservatism of our race, and seems to prove that some of us have learned lessons from other lands and are determined to look ahead. Apart from the health objections to sky-scrapers the principal objection to abnormally high buildings is the traffic difficulty. It has been pointed out that a single building in America actually houses the population of an English county town of the size of Guildford, and that when the workers leave the building after office hours the street below would be utterly unable to contain them without an organized and gradual emptying out. The new Act therefore actually reduces by 10 ft. the maximum of 90 ft. which has been in force since 1890. A step in the right direction—that is, backwards.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FRENCH ATLANTIC FLIGHT: The Place de la Concorde thronged with an exuberant Parisian crowd that blocked all traffic to await the news to be broadcast from the roof of the Hôtel Grillon that Costes and Bellonte had successfully reached their goal. The excitement when the news came through beggars description

**Flag Day Surfeit.**—Great truths have at last struck the promoters of flag days—that charity begins at home and ought to end there; that there is at last a limit to the patience, courtesy, and generosity of the London public; and that too many flag days spoil the broth for charitable institutions *en masse*. There are 320 authorized flag days in the Metropolitan area, and that means that the Londoner is plagued to subscribe to charity every time he walks to his work. Naturally we are beginning to wear rather thin. The general idea was a good one and we responded to it. A sound suggestion is now made that there should be four or five national flag days authorized; for Queen Alexandra's Fund, of course, and Poppy Day, and Lifeboat Day, a day for

CAST INTO THE SHADOW BUT NOT PUT IN THE SHADE: A Georgian house whose view is obscured by a sky-scraper in Mayfair. The London Building Act is limiting buildings to a maximum height of 80 ft.—decreasing the old limit with advantage by 10 ft.

the blind, and a hospital day. There should be everywhere one local flag day for the hospitals serving each area.

**Dr. Spooner.**—One by one vanish away the famous figures of the Oxford of my day, and this year death has claimed three notable heads from Magdalen, Queen's, and New College. Warren and Spooner were perhaps the most famous of all the leading lights in University life, for our pretty cousins always hoped that an introduction to one or other of them would lead to a display of his famous tricks, that Warren would discourse on royalty or Spooner produce a Spoonerism. I never heard him make one, though I had several favourable post-prandial opportunities. But I fancy he made no more than most of us do, and no neater. For his was not a chaotic mind, and he controlled his thought as well as any. He had many good qualities on which he might have risen to eminence, but muddled speech was not one of them. He was saddled with an unmerited fame.

**Royal Governors-General.**—A year ago it was urged that the task of training the younger royal princes for the important (but no longer constitutionally important) job of Colonial Governor-General should be pressed on, in view of the approval likely to be given at the Imperial Conference to the practice of making royal appointments. Of late we have heard a good deal concerning the vexed question of such appointments and of the attitude likely to be taken up by certain dominions; but the question of royal appointments has died down. The constitutional responsibility has of recent years been shifted from the figure-head to the broad shoulders of less conspicuous officials; the social responsibilities remain and are by no means unimportant. The symbol of the Crown is a very real and important factor in Empire unity and loyalty, and the King's sons are obviously best qualified to give meaning and vitality to it. The Colonies are always consulted in such appointments, and it is a coincidence that those who are now most concerned to put on a basis of constitutional right their title to approve them have the happiest experience of the value of Royal Governors. It is to be hoped that the Imperial Conference will encourage the view that the King's younger sons should be carefully trained for this important and appropriate duty.

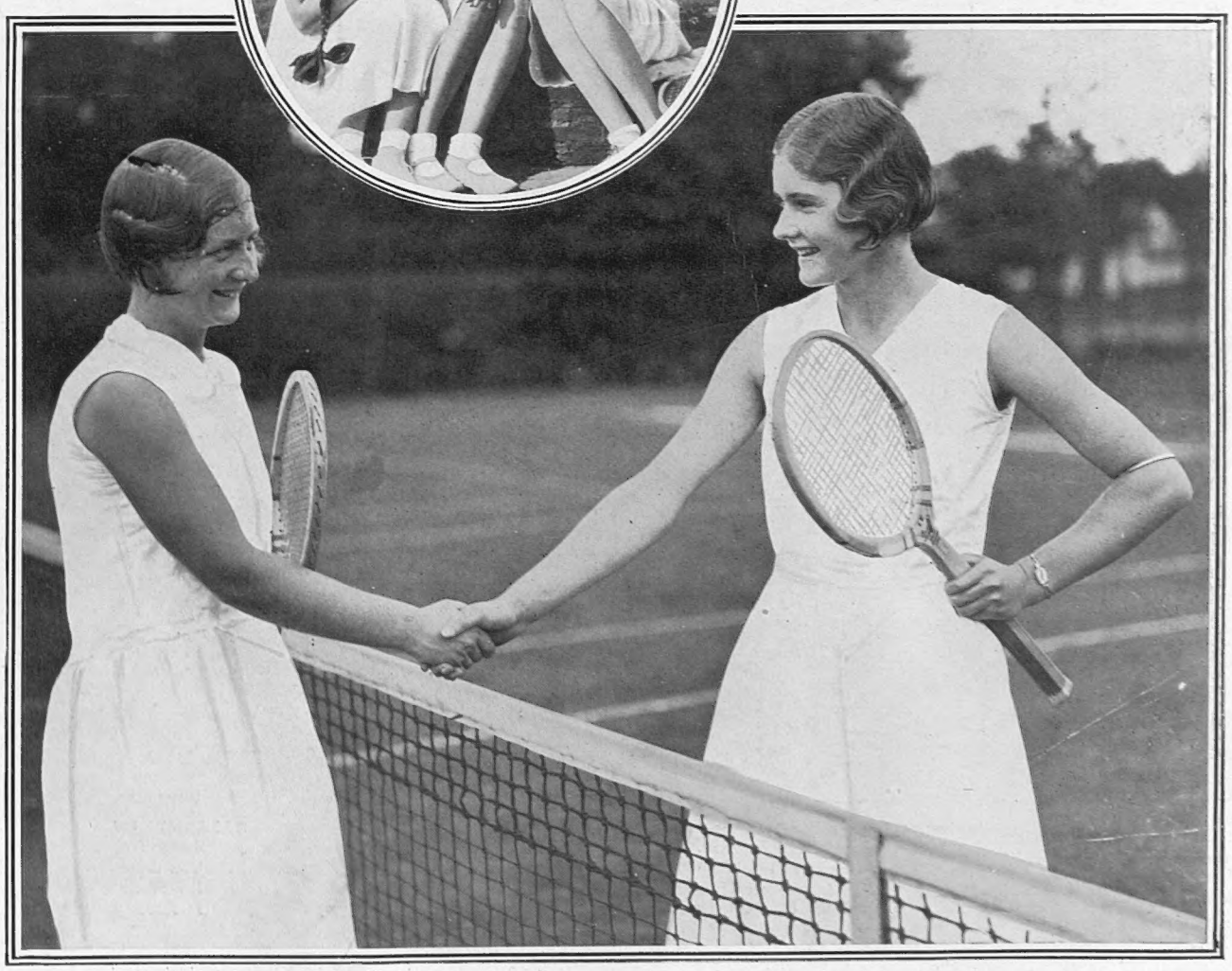
THE OLD STAGER.

# SPORT: NORTH and SOUTH

The Highland Games at Aboyne: The Junior Tennis Championships at Beckenham

AT THE ABOYNE GAMES:

Lord and Lady Glentanar, Mrs. George Philippi, the Earl of Moray, and Mrs. "Jock" McEwen watch the excitements at the great Aboyne Gathering

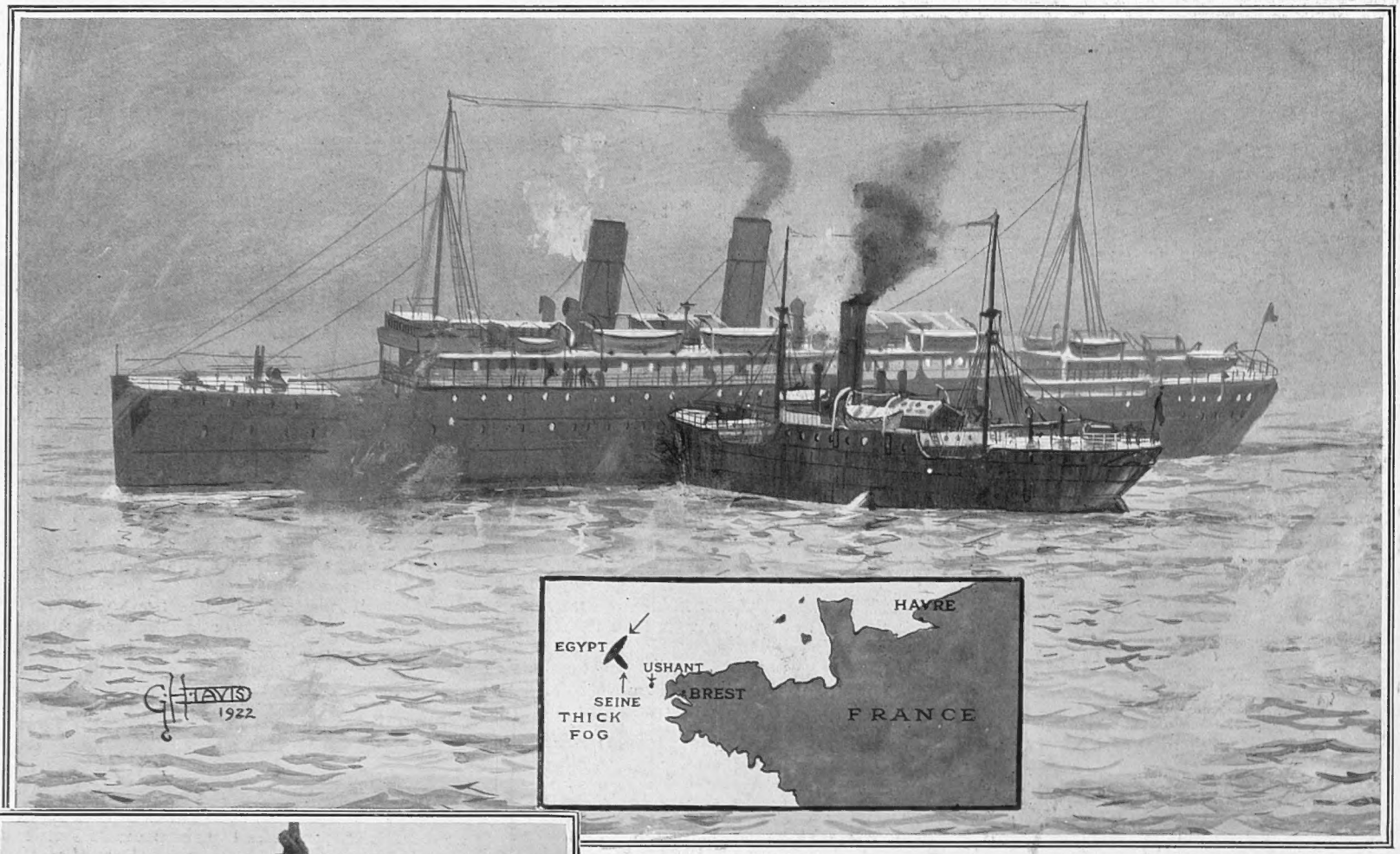


*Above in circle—*

THE SURREY JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS:
Three young competitors each with a different style of coiffure enjoy a refresher after gruelling games. They are Miss P. Bairstow, Miss B. Sharpe, and Miss N. Trance

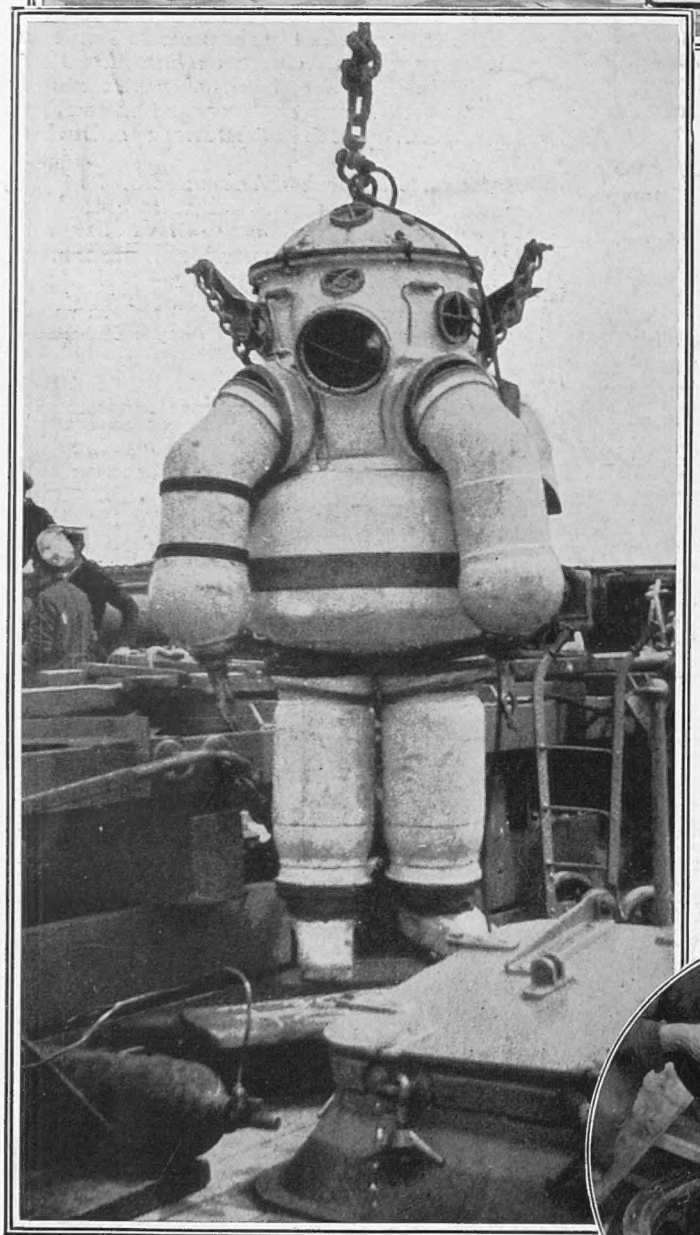
THE KENT JUNIOR CHAMPION:
The contestants in the final of the Ladies' Singles in the Kent Junior Championships were Miss P. M. Weekes (left), the winner, and Miss K. M. Buckley, the runner-up

# SALVAGING THE "EGYPT": The Clothes the Divers Wear



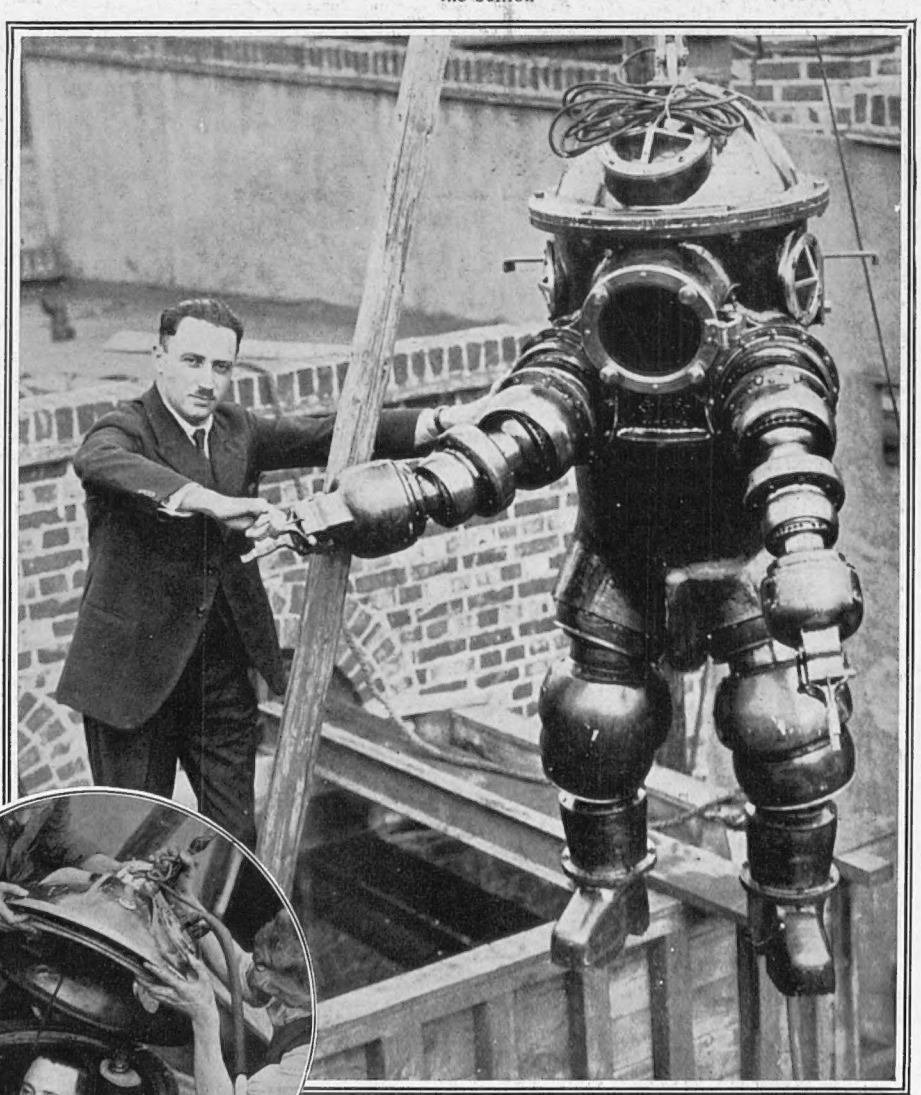

*Drawn for "The Sphere" by G. H. Davis*

A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE *EGYPT* TRAGEDY: The ill-fated P. and O. struck in dense fog off the coast of Brittany by the *Seine*, a French cargo-boat fitted with ice-breaking bows. The vessel has been found; the strong-room has been forced; and next year it is hoped to salvage the bullion



IN USE AT BREST: A huge diving apparatus tested last year in Loch Long by Professor Leonard Hill. It eliminates "caisson disease"—the charging of the blood with air-bubbles—a complaint to which divers are subject

*Inset*—TRYING IT HIMSELF: Mr. J. S. Peress in a diving dress of his own invention

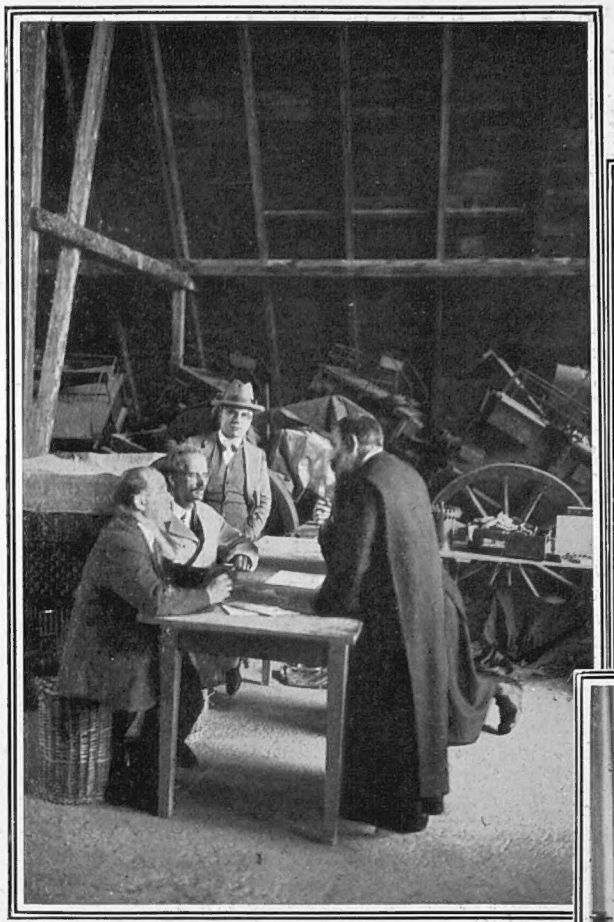


CAPABLE OF GOING DOWN 250 FATHOMS: The diving dress invented by Mr. Joseph Salim Peress of Byfleet. The diver can eat, smoke, or write inside the suit. The inventor states it will be used to recover treasure estimated at £10,000,000 off the Greek coast. It has not yet been used on the *Artiglio*

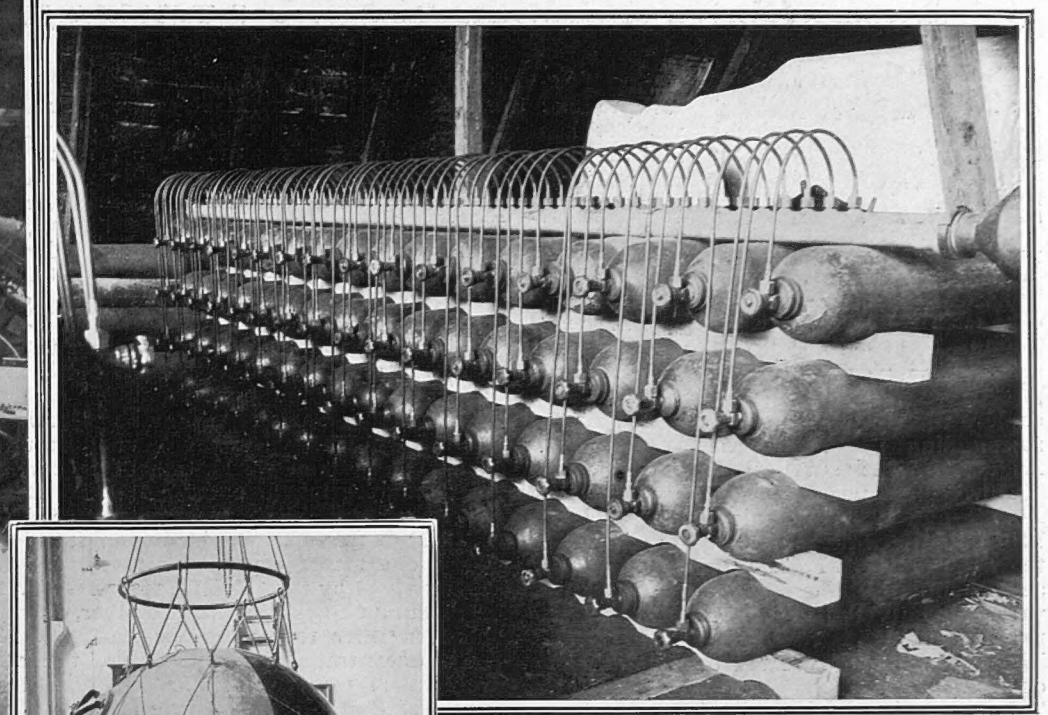
The P. & O. liner, "Egypt," which left Gravesend for Bombay on Friday, May 19, 1922, was proceeding on her south-westerly course when she encountered a sea fog in the vicinity of Ushant, the sinister island off the coast of Brittany. Slowing down, she proceeded cautiously, using her syren without restraint. From time to time the syrens of other vessels could be heard. A few minutes before seven, when her passengers were below dressing for dinner, the French cargo boat, "Seine," bound for Havre, suddenly came out of the fog, and before anything could be done, rammed the liner on her port side almost amidships. The "way" of the larger vessel wrenched her free, and with a gaping wound in her side she disappeared into the fog. Fortunately for the "Seine," she had originally been built for work in the Baltic, and had bows strengthened to break the ice. This was the means of keeping her afloat. The "Egypt" quickly rolled over on to her port side, and went down bow first less than twenty minutes after being struck. The "Seine" is a 1,300-ton ship owned by a Dunkirk firm, and the "Egypt" was one of the older P. and O. boats of 7,900 tons.

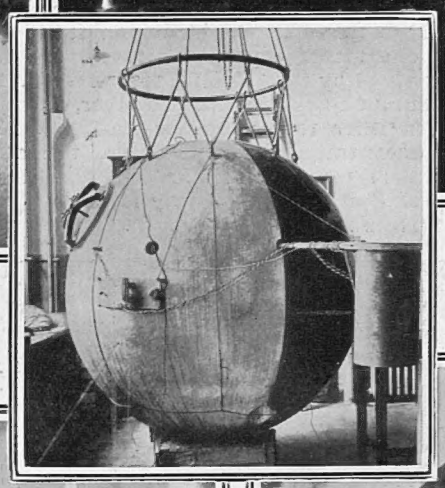
# SEEKING HEIGHTS: SOUNDING DEPTHS

## *Professor Piccard's Enterprise: The Last of the* Tahiti

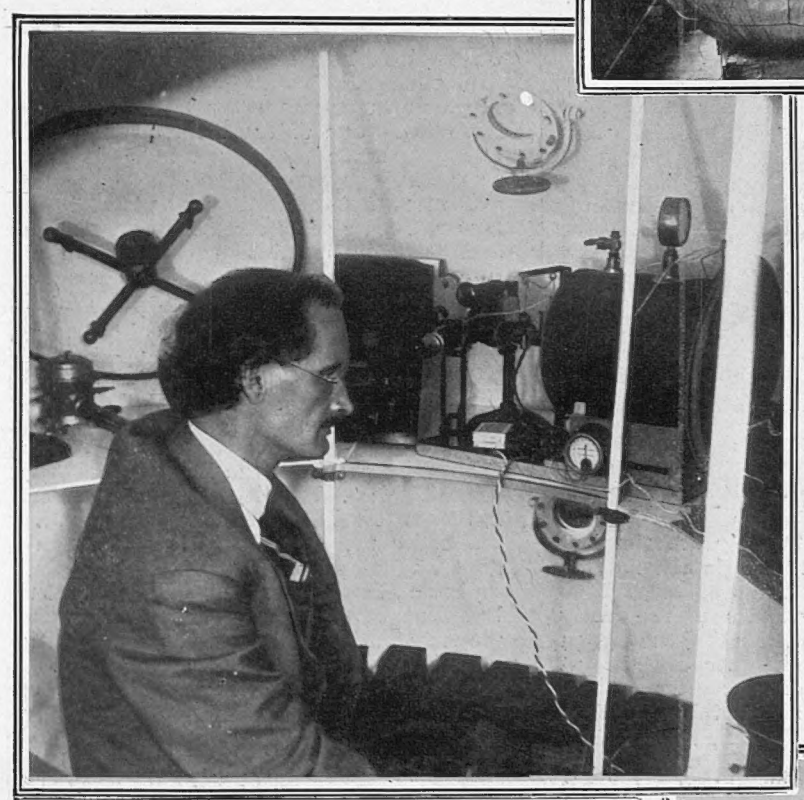


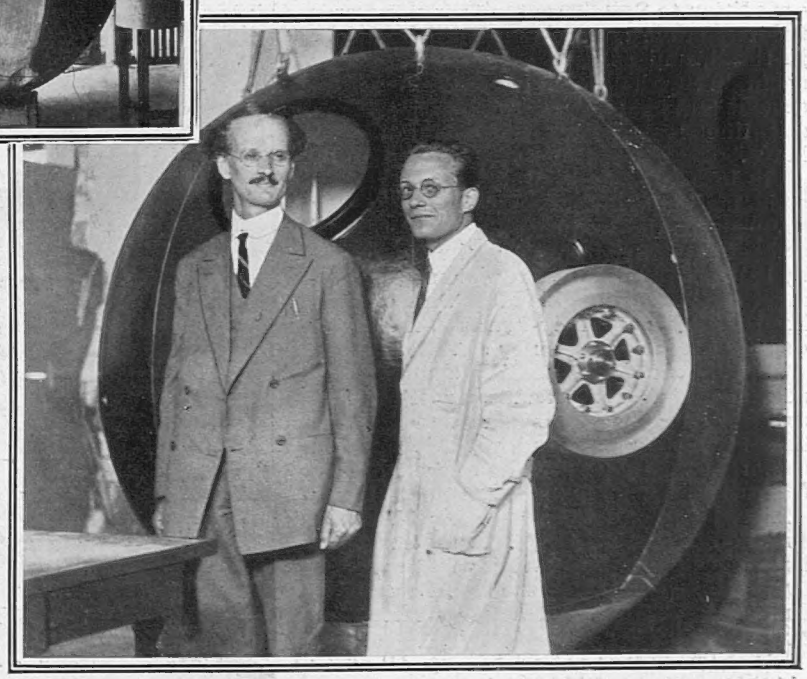
MATHEMATICAL DISCUSSION: Professor Piccard chats over various points of his experimental balloon flight 16,000 metres up with two mathematicians of St. Stephan's Cloisters, Augsburg



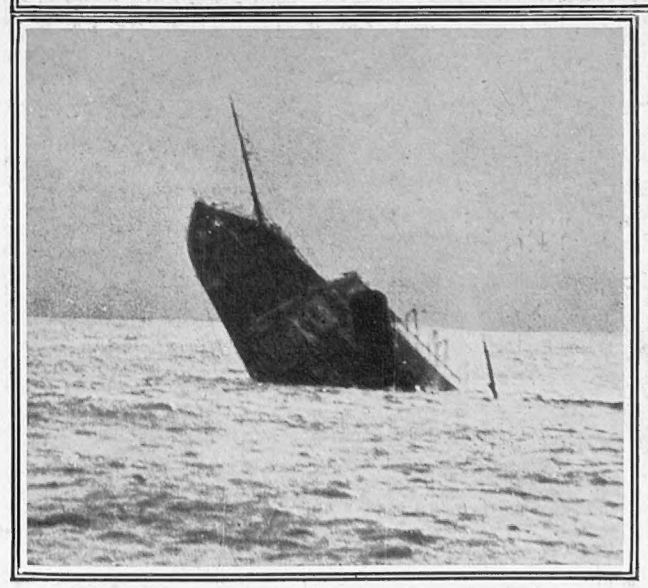


PROVIDING GAS FOR THE BALLOON: Some of the 410 cylinders necessary to inflate the thin metal envelope. On left is the aluminium gondola, about 7 ft. in diameter, fitted with recording instruments

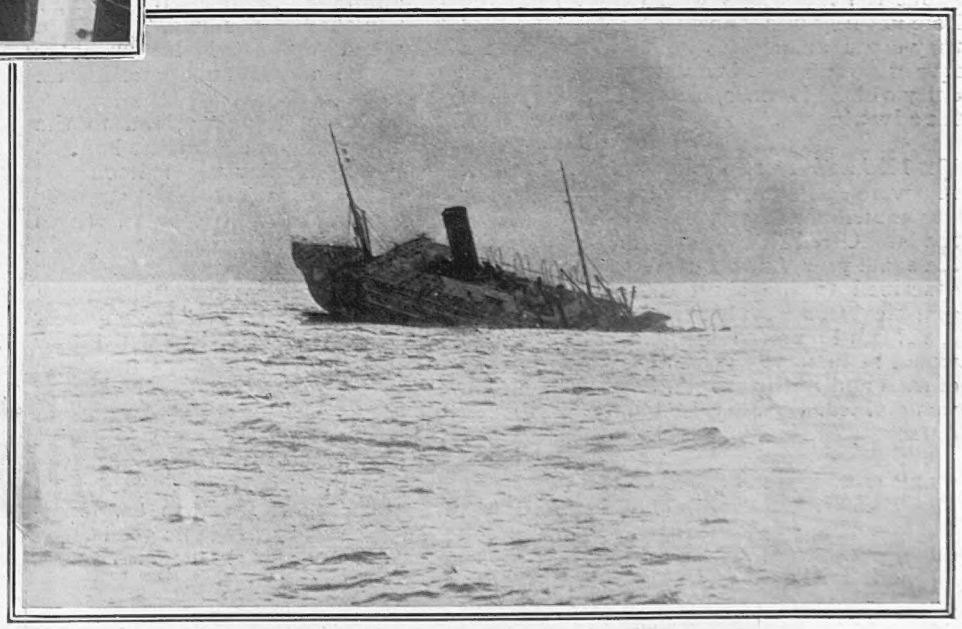




SEEKING THE SECRETS OF THE UPPER AIR: Professor Piccard and his assistant, M. Kipfer, in the gondola. *On left*—Professor Piccard is seen in the other half of the gondola. The exterior is half black, half aluminium, by which he will regulate the heat. The ballast is lead shot



A TRAGEDY OF THE SOUTH SEAS: The last moment of the *Tahiti*, the ill-fated liner which foundered in the Pacific after breaking its propeller shaft. Passengers and crew were saved by the *Ventura*



THE LAST OF THE *TAHITI*: The sinking of the passenger liner *Tahiti* south of Rarotonga in the South Seas. Over three hundred passengers and members of the crew were saved by the timely appearance of the Matson liner *Ventura*. This picture shows the ill-fated *Tahiti* listing to port and sinking at the stern just before she made the final plunge to the bottom

THE LAST LETTER: The third pigeon post sent out by Andree (and the only bird to reach civilization) stating his position on July 13, 1897, as Lat. 82° N., Long. 15° E.

# The TRAGEDY of ANDRÉE

## The History of the Pioneer of Aerial Polar Exploration

By LEONARD V. DODDS

The fortune of weather has laid bare another mystery of the Arctic. Of all the hazardous and hopeless expeditions which have ever endeavoured to explore the white wastes of ice and snow surrounding the Poles, that of Salomon August Andrée is surely the most quixotic.

Thirty-three years ago, on July 11, 1897, Andrée and two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, set off in a balloon to fly to the North Pole. They were never seen again. Relief expeditions were sent in vain, and only the phenomenal melting of the snows which have occurred this year on White Island has revealed the fate of the expedition.

Andrée was born at Grenna in the province of Smoiland on October 18, 1854. When he was twenty-eight years old and an assistant professor of science, he went northwards for the first time with a Swedish expedition to Spitzbergen. Ever afterwards the irresistible spell of the Arctic held him in thrall, and as soon as he arrived back again in Sweden he began immediately to scheme and plan a voyage of discovery and scientific research to those little-known lands.

In 1893 he made his first balloon ascent, and his imagination was immediately gripped by the wonderful possibilities of aeronautics. After crossing the Baltic Sea by balloon—a magnificent pioneer achievement of those days—his ideas were crystallized into the madly-daring scheme to explore the Polar region by air.

It *was* a mad plan. Aeronautics were new. Balloons, cumbersome, unwieldly, and unsafe as they are now known to be, were the only means of flying, yet this intrepid explorer actually proposed to accomplish a feat which has only just been successfully achieved with all the resources of modern aviation. The idea might have been mad, but in the light of modern knowledge it is an everlasting wonder that such a scheme could even be conceived and actually attempted over thirty years ago.

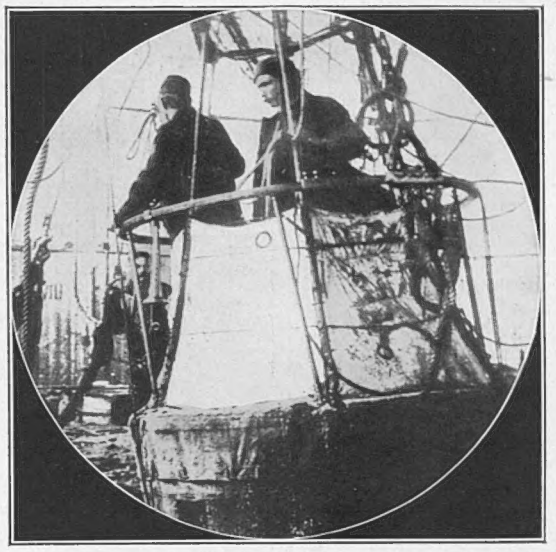
Elaborate plans were made and all available data about winds and currents were carefully sifted and studied, yet the few known facts about aerial navigation were absurdly small for such a project, while about the icy winds which blow from the Pole nothing was known at all. The best they could arrange to do was start with a favourable wind and trust to that benevolent deity which oft-times, but not always, guards the adventurous.

In 1895 active preparations for the attempt were begun. A large sum of money was contributed by the King of Sweden and the late Alfred Nobel subscribed £3,588. In the same year Andrée came to London and described to the sixth International Geographical Congress his great scheme to cross the North Polar regions in a balloon which would be in some degree dirigible by means of sails and trailing ropes. Scientific opinion was divided. Some praised and some scoffed openly, and cautious science pronounced the scheme impossible, even though the glamour and possibilities of the idea were freely admitted. Such, however, has been the fate of most pioneers.

The following year, in 1896, all was ready. After the airworthiness of the balloon had been successfully tried out in Paris the expedition set out from Gothenberg by steamer for Spitzbergen with the balloon and all equipment on board.

All preparations were made, and with everything ready Andrée and his companions waited impatiently on Spitzbergen for a favourable southerly wind which would blow them towards the Pole. Wines and preserved foods sufficient to last for four months were on board, and Andrée believed that if the expedition was forced to winter on the ice they would be able to replenish the stores by means of the firearms they carried. Andrée had his camera and scientific instruments, and camera and altometer are amongst the relics found in the last tragic camp. The rifles are there, too, and also what are believed to be animal remains, so that the explorer's foresight was fully justified. For communication with the outside world thirty-two carrier pigeons were taken, but the fears concerning their reliability, which Andrée had already expressed, proved to be well founded. Only one message was ever received, and that arrived by the third pigeon released.

The much-needed wind, however, did not blow, neither that year nor next, and at last, exasperated by the delay, the adventurers set out from Danes' Island, a little north of Spitzbergen, on July 11, 1897, with a wind something west of south.



PIONEERS OF POLAR AVIATION: Andrée and his companions in the basket of their balloon just before the start of the expedition from Spitzbergen

"One, two, cut." These were the last words heard from Salomon August Andrée. In response to his orders, sailors cut the ropes and members of the party which had accompanied him to Spitzbergen watched the balloon rise into the air. It dropped rapidly again and for a few anxious minutes hung close above the sea, then gaining height it quickly vanished northward at a speed estimated by watchers to be about twenty miles an hour.

From Danes' Island to the Pole is about six hundred miles, but soon after the balloon had gone the wind blew strongly from the south-west and it was feared that the explorers would be carried toward Siberia.

Before leaving Spitzbergen Andrée had said: "If you never hear from us, others will follow in our wake until the unknown regions of the north have been surveyed."

The last message to arrive was sent off two days after the ascent, and read: "July 13, 12.30 p.m. Latitude 82, longitude 15 degrees east; good speed towards east, 10 degrees south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon post.—Andrée." No further news was ever received from the expedition, but later on a buoy was found on King Karl's Land, an island east of Spitzbergen.

Andrée fully realized that he and his brave companions might be going to their death. He knew too that the irresistible urge would make others follow in their wake, but he could not know that the final tragic chapter of the gallant story would not be read for thirty-three years.

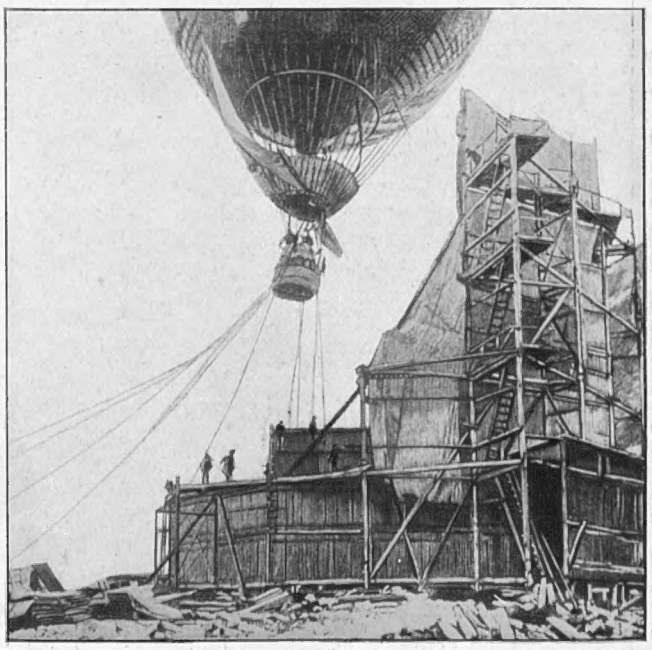
Several expeditions were sent in search of the balloonists, and the first started the same year following, a report of cries of distress heard by sailors shipwrecked on Spitzbergen. In 1898 a Swedish party visited White Island where the last tragic camp has just been found, but no trace of the ill-fated expedition was seen. In the same year and in 1899 parties searched the North Asiatic coast and the New Siberia Islands, and in May of the latter year Dr. Nathorst headed an expedition to Eastern Greenland.

For years wild rumours were heard that the balloon had flown to Siberia, that it had remained in the air for a month and travelled incredible distances. Now the story is told.

On August 6 this year a Norwegian scientific expedition led by Dr. Gunnar Horn was carrying out research work and landed on White Island. The exceptional summer heat had melted the snow to an unusual extent and there they found the remains of Andrée's camp and the bodies of the lost explorers. The full story of the disaster will soon be told now. Andrée's observation books and diaries were found intact and another Arctic mystery will be revealed in all its stark horror. It must have been one of the grimmest fights for life ever made by human beings trapped in the Polar wastes. The camp bore many evidences that the explorers had lived there for some time after disaster overtook them, and it is believed that the balloon was forced down and the explorers then set out on foot toward White Island. The diaries will probably speak like a voice from the past and tell again the tragic story as written by Andrée's dying hand.

A book of observations has also been found, together with equipment marked "ANDrée's Polar Expedition, 1896." One of the last pages of the book contains the entry "18/7/1897. 83 degrees North, 32 East." If this is correct, it seems as if the balloon reached a more northerly latitude than is generally supposed.

It may have been a fool-hardy adventure, but the supreme confidence of such early pioneers has led not only to modern aviation but also to those scientific expeditions to the Poles which in recent years have been crowned with success.



"ONE—TWO—CUT": These dramatic words, by which he ordered the severance of the ropes of his balloon, were the last Andrée spoke before the start of his expedition

# MANŒUVRES

## *At Home and Abroad*

GERMANY'S NEW PONTOON: In Upper Silesia, near Gruenberg, manœuvres are being carried out largely by the mechanized forces. Pontoon experiments form a large portion of the work done

THE ALPINE TROOPS OF FRANCE: The recent manœuvres held in the Haute Maurienne terminated in a military fête at Modane. The Alpine troops and detachments of the army of Africa participated in the extensive mimic war held in the south-eastern uplands of France

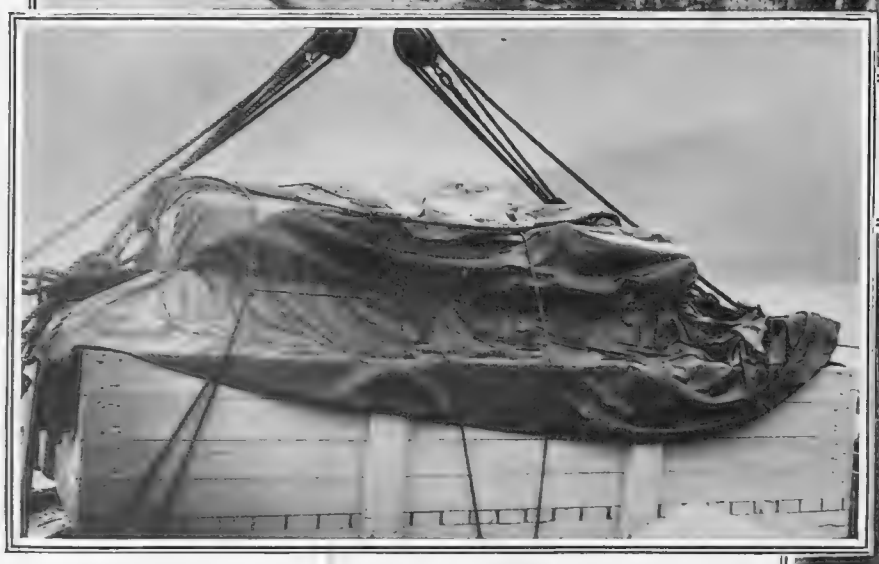
*Inset above on left*—CROSSING THE STREAM: German soldiers on manœuvres have been experimenting with a new type of pontoon, by which a large number of troops can cross a stream by paddling despite the smallness of the vessel. The combined virtues of lightness, portability, and water-worthiness are obvious

THE INVASION OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT: Armed military forces were landed on the Isle on the Solent from battleships in semi-darkness during recent manœuvres. *Above*, the troops are seen embarking after the "invasion," which was skilfully carried out at break of dawn

# The *PASSING PAGEANT* of the *PRESENT DAY*

## The Salvage of the Ill-fated Andrée Expedition : The Olympiad at Prague : Fire in Dreamland

ANDRÉE COMES HOME : The coffins containing the remains of the participants in the ill-fated balloon polar expedition of 1897 escorted by sailors through the streets of Trömso, whither they were brought from White Island on the *Bratvaag*



ABOARD THE *BRATVAAG* : The coffin containing the body of Dr. Andrée brought back to Trömso after its discovery by Dr. Gunnar Horn's expedition to White Island. Deep homage was paid to the relics

MEMBERS OF THE *BRATVAAG'S* PERSONNEL : Mr. Sorenson, the zoologist, Mr. D. Horn, and Captain Eliassen on the ship which brought back to civilization the bodies of the ill-fated Andrée Expedition

MARGATE'S FUN CITY ABLAZE : A general view of the fire which ravaged "Dreamland," the pleasure fair of the great Thanet resort. The central arcade was gutted and over 100 stalls and side-shows were destroyed

*Inset above on right*—WINNING AT 100 M.P.H. : Mr. Stanley Woods passing the finishing judges in the Ninth Annual Ulster Grand Prix for motor-cycles. Mr. Woods, on a Norton, covered the Carnaughlin course, Belfast, successfully in appalling weather

THE OPENING OF THE THIRD WOMEN'S OLYMPIAD : The German delegation marches round the arena in Prague, the locale of this meeting, wherein seventeen nations are participating. The parade was headed by the British delegation, Mrs. Cornell carrying the Union Jack. A flock of 1,000 pigeons was released at the opening

# "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN"

## Sartorial Splendour, or Lack of it, Among Celebrities

By OLIVER CLAXTON

Taking them by and large, great men seem to ignore the theory that they should dress poorly. Looking at them the world over, only a few are found that pay no attention to their clothing. The rest run largely to conservative dress, with a few stepping out and getting a

THE BEST-DRESSED MAN IN ITALY: Senatore Marconi (with Marchesa Marconi), who dresses carefully and exquisitely according to his own generation

sartorial name for themselves, or, taking advantage of the traditional splendour handed them by the past, dolling up in magnificent costumes and uniforms, and going on parade. About the only vestment they wear in common is the morning suit, and usually a stiff collar with lounge suits. If you believe that clothes make the man, here is your guide.

In some European countries we can see the plumage of the male in all its grandeur and colour. *Benito Mussolini* is one of the most engaging sights now before the eyes of the world. He marched on Rome in plain black shirt, quietly garbed in a spirit of democratic haberdashery. But later, as he acquired office after office, he also accumulated a collection of uniforms, decorations, and what-not that go to give a man resounding tone. As combination Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, and head of the Government, he must needs appear in an elaborate Ministerial uniform, and no one can say his appearances lack the proper atmosphere. His coat, waistcoat, and trousers are of black broadcloth richly embroidered with gold and over all is a cocked hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. The final touch consists of a sword and numerous decorations. He must be an imposing sight as he visits foreign embassies or officiates at parties given to diplomatic missions accredited to the Italian Government.

This regalia is as nothing to the one he is entitled to wear as a Knight of Malta. This ancient brotherhood sports about the most magnificent uniform the human frame can carry, or that the love of man for show could devise. The uniform is scarlet and black with a flowing black cape, and equipped of course with a sword. On the front of the doublet is embroidered the Maltese Cross, and to top off the display is an elaborate feather-trimmed hat.

In private life—or should it be off-stage?—Il Duce's wardrobe relaxes. Unlike most Italians, his civilian clothes have no touch of exaggeration—that something aiming to attract attention. They are well cut and well worn and would not seem unusual among fashionably dressed London. They are essentially masculine. When engaged with his favourite pastime, yachting, he wears the conventional garb of either white duck or blue serge, according to the weather. The hat matches the clothes, with only a small bronze anchor for decoration. He puts aside the sword on nautical expeditions. In the summer he wears a straw hat to stimulate the Italian straw hat industry, which is suffering badly from a whim of fashion that leans to felts.

In the background of this splendour is Italy's *King Victor Emmanuel*. And he dresses the part. The Royal House of Savoy has not the tradition of pageantry that is possessed by the British, Spanish, and Scandinavian dynasties. It has a simple sartorial history into which Victor Emmanuel fits well. He is rarely seen in anything but the grey-green uniform of his army. The King even opens Parliament in this uniform, with no hint of the scarlet and ermine pomp which the King of England presents before his House of Lords. At social functions and in the hottest weather—and Rome gets very hot—he sticks stoically to this clothing, with its close-fitting tunic, high collar, and cloth service-cap. When in the country at summer resorts and away from the ceremony and etiquette that he has no taste for he gets into clothes he really likes. These are old shooting or fishing outfits that have seen much wear and are thoroughly and completely comfortable. With Queen Elena, whose preferences in dress are similar to his, he spends the time fishing or shooting.

One of Italy's celebrities, however, bears out the theory that great men are careless of their dress. He is *Luigi Pirandello*, the dramatist. Nobody who has met him would wish him different; he is so simple and unassuming. When he travels his baggage is filled principally with manuscripts, and a few clothes tucked into the empty spaces, if there be any. He is so oblivious as to whether his necktie is on or off, or whether he wears sky-blue pyjamas or a bright-red bathing suit at Viareggio, that a well-dressed Pirandello would upset his friends far more than when he forgets to tie his shoe-laces or leaves his one and only hat somewhere—he forgets where, and never finds it again.

Senator *Guglielmo Marconi* is undoubtedly Italy's best-dressed man. He belongs to the older generation, and the cut of his clothes is according to his years. They are well made and look well on his tall, slim figure. His appearance is more that of an Englishman than an Italian, and he has his clothes made in London. There is none of the Italian fancy for jewellery and gewgaws in his make-up, nor is there any hint of the accentuated waist-line that his fellow-countrymen insist on. He looks best of all when attired for a cruise on his yacht *Elettra*. He is very particular to wear the correct garment for every occasion,

THE PERFECTION OF FORMALITY: The King in the dark overcoat, white buttonhole, and old-fashioned tie-ring he favours

and considers any sartorial breach of convention as a social crime not to be condoned. His valet has no sinecure.

England is the land where the best-dressed men are said to abound. In fact, so far have the English carried the business that to really get some attention as a man just in the mode, or a slight shade beyond it, an Englishman has to cultivate a certain sloppiness not quite describable as bad dressing. Here, again, royalty can be splendiferous when the occasion warrants, for the English governmental routine is overlaid with traditional show.

In private life, however, the King turns to clothes of conservative and quiet look. *King George* dresses formally and with scrupulous regard for the conventions. His clothes are dark, and his neckties are never vivid—his favourite tie being the red and black stripe of the Guards Brigade. Instead of a scarf-pin he wears the old-fashioned tie-ring. Even his shooting suits are cut on severe lines, and of dark material. On the *Britannia*, yachting, he wears a double-breasted blue serge suit with rather wide trousers.

The *Prince of Wales* has kept up the hereditary reputation as a leader of fashion. His innovations, some experts say, lean too much towards the spectacular. For a while he wore turned-up trousers with morning dress, but the idea never found favour, and he has returned to the general mode. In the summer the Prince has visited golf courses showing all the colours of the rainbow. The Prince's taste in hats runs to bowlers with very narrow brim. For hunting and shooting he gets into old and friendly garments.

*Ramsay MacDonald* is probably the least expensively dressed Prime Minister of any great country. His hats are always soft, and nobody can remember having seen him in a bowler. In the country he wears tweeds, a soft collar, plus fours, and a cap. This is also his flying costume. His clothes are well made but with no nicety of style, and they are worn with a nonchalant air. There is never, for instance, a sharp crease in his trousers. Unless he cannot possibly avoid it, MacDonald never wears a morning coat, nor evening dress.

*Lloyd George*, on the other hand, is considered one of the best-dressed of the older men in the House of Commons. His sense of colour is very precise, and he carefully chooses ties to match his suits. He deems it a matter of courtesy to be always dressed for an occasion.

*The Duke of York* inherits from his father, the King, a love of formal dress. Light grey is his favourite colour for lounge suits, and he seldom wears a soft collar. His neckties are dark and tied in a small knot. He is correct in dress, and scarcely has any individual peculiarities.

France has generally left snappy dressing to the ladies, and a really smartly clad Frenchman is a rarity. Of the famous men of France, President *Doumergue* and Premier *Tardieu* are, perhaps, the best dressed. The President attains a certain amount of smartness by means of a precise morning suit and an ever-present silk hat. Ex-Premier—and who is not, in France?—Poincaré dresses in dark grey with uninteresting neckties and stiff collars. His appearance is quite correct without being in the slightest behind the time. Premier *Briand* goes in for a studied carelessness and wears soft shirts and loosely-knotted ties, but his clothes are always good, in the prevailing taste, and well pressed.

One country at least has a ruler who is great and at the same time very badly dressed. That is Poland, with General *Joseph Pilsudski*, patriot and Dictator. He is always clad in uniform, invariably old and slouchy ones which he wore in the original Polish Legions. These old tunics are shiny and patched, and the conspicuous spots on them are cherished by the old revolutionist. They are surmounted by a little round cap. His staff, however, he insists on having spruced up at all times. They do not need much urging, as they think of hardly anything else, and the designing of some little curlicue on the collar of a Colonel's tunic is a grave matter of State. Pilsudski loves to be photographed surrounded by these polished dandies.

America's prime example of the man who cares no whit for dress is *Clarence Darrow*, the forensic lawyer. His clothes usually look as if he had rolled them up and used them as a pillow the night before he put them on. At the other end of the American scale is Mayor *James J. Walker*.

Presidents *Wilson* and *Harding* always were neatly and smartly clothed. *Hoover* is quietly dressed, but with no great insistence upon the stylish. *Coolidge*, on the testimony of a million news-reels, draped himself at one time or another with every form of vestment worn in the United States. The effect might best be described as striking but not imposing.

THE SHABBY LEADER OF A FOPPISH STAFF: Marshal Pilsudski, whose uniforms are invariably well worn and not infrequently patched

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# CAIRO'S *Potential* RIVAL

## The New Jerusalem

*Palatial suburbs and nearly a hundred new streets are making of Jerusalem—now a City without the City Walls—a glorious new capital*

By H. J. SHEPSTONE

"Mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following," says the Psalmist; and how well the modern builders of Zion are carrying out this injunction of the prophet is evident after an inspection of the splendid residential sections, public buildings, gorgeous hotels, colleges, hospitals, commercial edifices, not to say parks and sports grounds which have sprung up around the ancient city of Jerusalem during the last few years. Indeed, we have to-day a greater Jerusalem outside the walls than within.

Not least, this remarkable activity is still going on. Everywhere, despite the recent troubles Jerusalem and the country generally have experienced, building operations are in progress, and some of the suburbs of the Holy City present the appearance of a boom town in Western America. New streets are being added and fresh districts opened up. Building sites near the city walls are increasing tremendously in value. Small plots suitable for shops, stores, or factory are changing hands at five and even ten times the prices paid for them a few years ago. Banking institutions and the big commercial trust have snapped up corner sites at such figures that their owners have suddenly found themselves in great affluence. Buildings which were considered modern and efficient less than five years ago are being ruthlessly torn down to make way for more lofty and more commodious premises.

*A MODERN JERUSALEM HOME: A luxurious private house. It is executed in an unusual style of architecture, made gay by blue tiles characteristic of the new Jerusalem style*

Yet seventy years ago there was not a single building outside the city walls. At sundown all the gates, some eight in number, were closed, and it was almost all a man's life was worth to arrive after they were shut. The old walls have a circuit of some three miles, enclosing just over two hundred acres of ground. This is the Holy City of the Bible, wherein we find the Temple area with its Dome of the Rock, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Pool of Bethesda, the Via Dolorosa, and other sacred sites and shrines—the historic Jerusalem that people come to see.

But more than two-thirds of Jerusalem's 90,000 population to-day live outside the walls. The hotels are fast moving out, and so are the big business houses and the stores. The better class citizens, too, are seeking homes outside. This is not because the old city with its picturesque narrow streets is unhealthy, but because it is the fashion and the proper thing to reside in the newer garden cities which have arisen outside.

One of the first tasks of the British when they took Palestine over from the Turks was the modernization of ancient Jerusalem. They repaired its old walls and towers, cleaned out its innumerable cisterns, gave the city a water-supply, drainage system, repaired the streets, named them, and, for the first time in the city's history, numbered its houses.

But it is with the city that has sprung up without the walls that we are concerned at the moment—a city that is still growing and bids fair to become one of the finest and most go-ahead metropolises in the Middle East. It has already spread almost half-way to Bethlehem on the south, the greater part of the way to Ain Karim—the birthplace of John the Baptist—on the west, and on the north to the foot of Mount Scopus, where stands the British War Cemetery. Only on the east has Jerusalem failed to expand, because here the ground falls away in precipitous slopes into the Kedron Valley, making any extension here impossible.

Curiously enough, this modern development of the Holy City follows closely the description of the rebuilding of Jerusalem as given in Jeremiah. But it is doubtful if Jeremiah with all his prophetic vision could have conceived such a beautiful city as is now rapidly rising to completion without the ancient walls.

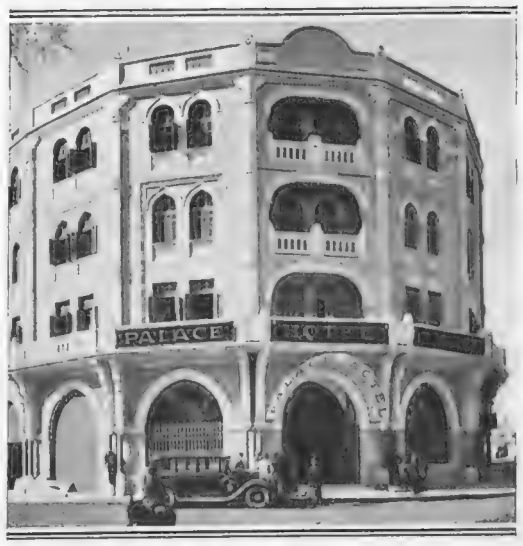
All told, some eighty streets have been laid out and their very names are pertinent of Biblical history, for we have such appellations as the Street of the Prophets, Herod's Way, Nehemiah Road, Street of Ezra, Street of the Maccabees, Isaiah Street, John the Baptist Street, Jeremiah Street, Hezekiah Street, and so on. These new thoroughfares, and also their buildings, have not been planned and reared in a haphazard fashion. One of the first tasks of the Municipality of Jerusalem was to make a thorough survey, not only of the old city, but of the surrounding territory, and from these surveys streets were planned and definite areas set apart for residences, business premises, markets, khans, and public recreation grounds. It was recognized that Jerusalem was no ordinary city and called for special treatment. No one could build without first submitting plans, and these had to possess architectural merit. A style of architecture in keeping with the landscape and traditions of the site was encouraged, with, it must be admitted, gratifying results. Broadly speaking, we have, in the newer buildings, Western architecture compromised to meet Eastern conditions, and the blend is a happy one.

This is particularly noticeable in the various Jewish garden cities which have sprung up around the ancient walls, one of the more famous being that known as Talpioth. It lies to the south of the Holy City on the Bethlehem road, covering over a million square metres of ground. There is room for 800 houses, and more than half of this number are completed and in occupation. Like all the dwellings around Jerusalem they are built of stone, and with their balconies, arched windows, spacious verandas, attractive entrances and specially treated roofs they present a most pleasing appearance. Each house stands in its own grounds with flower beds in front and behind, while it need hardly be added the dwellings possess the latest modern conveniences in the way of light, water, and drainage. Talpioth, like many of the other Jewish garden cities was built under the auspices of the Palestine Land Development Company, and is virtually a semi-independent community boasting of its town hall, hotel, baths, post office, stores, theatre, academy, synagogue, hospital, public park, and sports ground.

*A PHŒNIX CITY: Demolishing a row of old houses on the Jaffa road on the site of which will be erected a series of larger and more up-to-date dwellings. The view was taken from The Tower of David*

Other almost equally attractive Jewish garden cities are Janjirieh and Beth-Hakerem. But it must not be thought that the Jews are responsible for the whole of Jerusalem's remarkable building activity. They certainly set the pace and have contributed the lion's share of capital and labour, but the Arabs have not been idle, while, not least, many scores of handsome buildings have been put up by private firms and individuals. The new Arab colony of Tabliyeh, just beyond the railway station, to the south-west of the city, is a very creditable display. It covers a large area and the many beautiful and artistic dwellings here stand on ground which less than half a dozen years ago was an open waste with a few olive trees.

It was but three months ago that the Palace Hotel threw open its doors to tourists. This is a particularly handsome and beautifully-appointed building and the most up-to-date hotel in Palestine. But a still larger one is now in course of erection on the Station Road, to be known as the King David Hotel. It will have over a thousand




*THE SYMPTOM OF COSMOPOLIS: The great Palace Hotel building which symbolizes the new Jerusalem, no longer an obscure hill town with only a religious significance, but a modern city*

bedrooms, it boasts of a look-out tower and in its furnishing and equipment equals any of the hotels in Cairo. During the last five years some half a dozen small hotels have been built as well as scores of boarding-houses, and the old cry that the Holy City's hotel accommodation was very poor no longer applies.

Of recently completed public buildings mention should be made of the Pontifical Biblical Institute, which is also on the Station Road. It has been said of this thoroughfare that houses grow up here in a night, so rapid has been the building. A sum of £200,000 was expended upon the Pontifical Biblical Institute and it is a handsome though somewhat heavy-looking structure. It stands on ground that formerly belonged to the Greek Convent, or Orthodox Church. To the south-west of the city stands the new College of Jerra Santa, surmounted by a gilded statue of the Virgin. It has accommodation for five hundred students. On Mount Scopus the Jews have built a fine library which is to house the world's largest collection of Hebrew books and documents. A feature of its design is its white circular roof. Another handsome building whose roof will be circular and possess a distinct Oriental type is the new Y.M.C.A. edifice now in course of erection.

To-day the buildings of Greater Jerusalem stretch along the Bethlehem road almost as far as the Well of the Magi, a spring of water which has for centuries been associated with the Wise Men in connection with the birth of the Saviour. Particularly handsome private residences are to be seen on this road and also at Bethlehem itself. Many of them have been erected by simple craftsmen of Bethlehem who have gone to America, amassed a fortune there, to return and spend it in the erection of a palatial home in their own land.

Some of these dwellings are more like palaces than private buildings. Take the Jasir Villa at Bethlehem as an example. It has been reared by two brothers who made their money in France and in South America. No less than £50,000 was spent upon this building which has somewhat the appearance of an ornate convent. Some of the dwellings imitate the bungalow type in that the accommodation is contained on a single floor, with spacious entrance, veranda, and high, arched windows, while others run up to three and four storeys. The stonework of many of these homes is relieved by beautiful blue tiles which cover the walls of the Dome of the Rock on the Temple area. They are being turned out at a factory which stands on the site of Pontius Pilate's house in old Jerusalem.

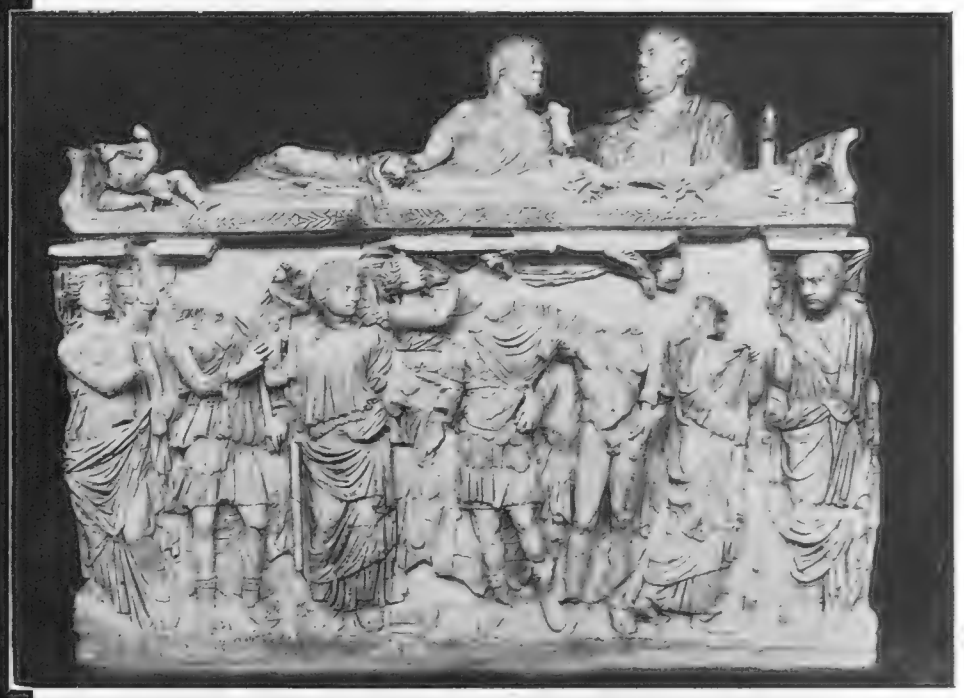
It is computed that within the last five years over £3,000,000 has been expended upon the erection of private dwellings alone outside the city walls. Nearly a million pounds sterling is being spent upon the King David Hotel. Despite all this building, however, there is still a cry in Jerusalem for more houses, particularly of the small artisan class. Accommodation at really moderate rents is not easy to find.

Such is the story of the re-building of the new Jerusalem, the city without the walls. Whether Jerusalem is destined, as some experts in the Holy City declare, to outstrip Cairo, is perhaps a moot question. But there is no doubt as British prestige declines in Egypt so the political importance and strategical position of Jerusalem as a metropolis in the Middle East will assert itself. She has already her own air port. A new harbour is being built at Haifa and the Palestine railways are to be linked up with Bagdad. Jerusalem then will become, as it were, the gateway to Iraq, Persia, and the Indian Empire beyond. What is essential for Jerusalem's future, however, is an era of peace and goodwill. Given that, she is destined to become one of the most glorious cities in the Middle East.

# ANCIENT ART of ITALY

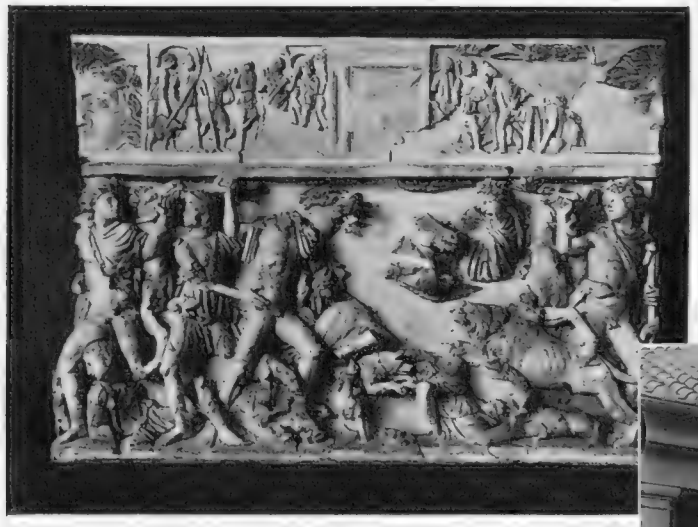
## Sarcophagi in the New Museum of Antique Sculpture

*THE ROMAN CHAMPION OF ENGLAND: St. George, by Antonio Maraini. It was presented by the Fascist Syndicate of Artists to Mussolini on his visit to their Spring Exhibition held in Florence*



*"A MARRIAGE": A marble sarcophagus carefully reconstructed and at present housed in the new Museum of Antique Sculpture, Rome. It is decorated with likenesses of the persons it commemorates, the couple which lay beneath its carven marble plaques*

*"THE CUPIDS": A sarcophagus in the new Museum of Antique Sculpture in the Appian Way. The dancing and singing godlets recall the best of the Renaissance work of dancing putti. The reconstruction was done by Fräulein Gutschow of the German Archæological Society*



*"THE HUNT": A spirited representation of a sport popular in the classical world—lion-hunting. Lions were matched against tigers (as well as gladiators and Christians) in the circus, but the King of Beasts usually made but an indifferent showing against the striped animal*

*IN THE APPIAN WAY: The new Museum of Antique Sculpture in which are housed the three notable sarcophagi entitled "Cupids," "The Hunt," and "A Marriage"*

FORUM FELIUM: *The Forum of Trajan is the haunt of a large colony of half-wild cats, which conducts every function of its communal life in the shadow of the memorial of the most martial of the Antonines. This colony has given the noble square the colloquial name of* Forum Felium—*the Forum of the Cats*

The new Museum of Antique Sculpture, in Via Appia, Rome, is small, but it is of great interest and importance. It consists of artistic treasures found in the Christian catacombs of Pretestato, brought to light through the admirable work of the Vatican Archæological Commission. An enormous amount of fragments have been discovered, and five splendid sarcophagi have been carefully reconstructed with incredible patience, by Fräulein Gütschow of the German Archæological Society. These sarcophagi are of marble of a very fine quality and beautiful workmanship; they belong to the third century, when Christians still used mythological allegorics for decoration. Other fragments, of value from their artistic worth, are fixed on to the walls of the courtyard.

Y. M.

*WHERE OLD FRONTS NEW: The palatial buildings on Millbank seen from the old Lambeth side. The huge white structure is the "I. C. I." building executed in Portland stone; to the left are the twin, but interconnected piles of Thames House*

*SPANNING PAGE STREET: The connecting arch between the twin buildings of Thames House, Westminster. These colossal structures have a river frontage of over 560 ft. Each block comprises eleven floors, and there are three miles of corridors in them. The buildings are fireproof throughout*

*A TOUCH OF OLD AMID THE NEW: A Dickensian and very charming scene relieving the overshadowing severity inseparable from commercial enterprise*

*A SYMPHONY IN SCAFFOLDING AND STEEL: A picture as typical of this age as Whistler's* Nocturnes *were of theirs*

# RE-BUILDING OLD MILLBANK

## Thames House, Westminster

**The colossal twin structure on the Middlesex side of the Thames, fronting Lambeth Palace and abutting on the Portland stone palace which houses Imperial Chemical Industries**

The building of the great twin blocks of Thames House, adjacent to the very remarkable development of Millbank by Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, is one of the greatest scale site developments seen in the City of London since the laying down of the Thames Embankments by the old Metropolitan Board of Works. These new buildings stand upon one of the most historic and magnificent sites in the Empire, adjacent to Parliament and the Government centre, with a splendid open position by the side of the Thames, striking a dominating note in the whole vast London river frontage. Across the Thames at Westminster the new confronts the old. On one bank stand the old grey walls of Lambeth Palace and on the other the vast white piles of Portland stone

*DECORATION: A stone-carver at work on details*

*THE YOUNGEST WATER DIVINER: Miss Joyce Prosser, aged fourteen, lives in Hardwicke, Glos, and has a fantastically strong gift of water divining. Every rod answers to her touch, twisting with great violence. She is seen above discovering a leak under a road*

*A FRIENDLY BATTLE: Sport in a hop-pickers' encampment at Penshurst, Kent, where the work is now in full swing. It is probable that the bouts are as bloodless and friendly—and as brief—as the average heavy-weight championship match!*

*WORKERS IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Hop-pickers back from the shop on Saturday afternoon. They adopt the Romany coiffure. Despite their arduous life they do not shingle or bob*

# ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE in September

## With the Hoppers, and Other Rural Notes

*HALCYON SEPTEMBER DAYS: Thousands of hoppers are enjoying their work in the fields, and many casual workers regard even the strenuous toil of picking as a profitable holiday. They work with their children round them, who also do their bit*

*WORK STILL DONE BY HAND: One of the few remaining thatchers in Somerset has been busy for the past month re-thatching an old cottage near Whitchurch, Bristol. He has "embossed" the initials of the owner and the date on the roof—a task to tax the most expert*

*A MONUMENT TO VICTORIOUS TURKEY: Ismet Pasha and other Ministers at one corner of the great equestrian statue of the Ghazi recently unveiled at Angora, the capital newly established by Kemal vice Constantinople. Each angle is surmounted by a life-size figure of a Turkish soldier*

# The CREATOR

## Mustapha Kemal Pasha Ghazi,

By EMIL

ANGORA.

As you stand on the summit of Angora's ancient citadel, gazing out on the panoramic view all around, you see spread out before you, to a distance of a hundred miles or so, a hilly plain darkened a little here and there by the shadows of clouds. The first and dominant impression given by any typical landscape of Asia Minor is that of spaciousness; this lends it an aspect of greatness. As your eyes turn gradually to the regions nearer at hand, they descry here and there in a portion of the plain—in part inhabited, in part wild—isolated groups of buildings and straight *chaussées* which break imperiously the natural line of the countryside; from them there extend down to this central hill, on which stands the citadel, broad avenues of handsome edifices. Immediately below us, encircling the hill, mingle clusters of dingy wooden structures tumbling into ruins interspersed with white stone houses.

In this first panoramic view of Angora we are given at once a symbolic picture of the New Turkey which has begun to build up a new State out of a pastoral solitude in the heart of Asia Minor.

To find a formula for it one has only, as one stands here on this ruined fortress, the works of Greeks and Romans and of the Sultans, to contrast the beautiful minaret on the left with the four wireless aerials of iron on the hill-slopes to the east; here in the shadow of the round tower the last of the faithful are able still to cherish the memory of their fathers, while there, by means of the invisible air-waves, a winged present summons together for study the actions and thoughts of the contemporary world.

Not until I stood on the citadel had I realized that the wonderful decision of Mustapha Kemal to withdraw from Constantinople and its palaces into the central solitudes of his country, there, amidst the most difficult conditions, to erect a new capital to supplant the old, was a moral necessity to a revolutionary, and was not merely due to strategical considerations, like the change from Petrograd to Moscow. To break once and for all with the past was manifestly Kemal's intention, and the opposition which was offered to it by Constantinople, and which has not yet entirely ceased, proves that new methods were not to be instituted in this old wanton city which had been wooed by all the States of Europe and which, playing off one against the other, had deceived them all in turn.

The last of the cosmopolitan capitals was bound to be the centre of a great heterogeneous State—it was predestined so to be, and for a thousand years it had fulfilled its mission in such a succession of adventures as only Rome had equalled. When the War shattered the three great heterogeneous States and made an end of the Austrian Emperor, the Tsar, and Sultan, their capitals inevitably lost their significance. Therefore it is that to-day Constantinople is emptier and colder and more colourless, just as Vienna and Leningrad are also. It is not surprising if the change be noticeable most of all in Constantinople after the driving away of the Greeks and the Armenians, after the complete abolition of the fez and the partial abolition of religion.

To anyone who knew the East before the War this change must bring feelings of regret; the last remnants of picturesqueness and romance are vanishing from the realms of white humanity, and the universal standardization of clothes and of customs which has been brought about by machinery intensifies the growing dullness of our cities. I will not deny the frankly reactionary delight with which I witnessed at Angora, side by side with all the swift motor-cars, the dignified progress of a caravan of thirty camels. But in the self-same moment I realized how vain it would be to wish for the preservation of æsthetic standards from which our epoch is taking us further and further every day.

The cleavage is great, but it is not yet complete. The women of the poorer classes in Angora still wear their head-coverings up to their mouths, in accordance with their training and tradition; in the country parts this head-covering is still general. The women have not been compelled to abandon it. From the minarets the Muezzin's strangely guttural call to prayer still goes forth to the faithful, and in among a number of motor-lorries filled with stones required for some new buildings I saw a couple of ox-wagons with wheels constructed out of single blocks of wood after the fashion of a thousand years ago.

Angora still wears the aspect of a young colony, and as, in accordance with the plan of a German architect, the city is being spread out, in detached sections, over an immense site round the hill on which stands the citadel, it is being built in a style which recalls the broad Gothic arches and Dutch tiles of Konia, and which has something about it also of the methods of Erich Mendelssohn: we have here another illustration of the fact that the architecture of to-day is influenced less by locality than by the aim in view; the aim in view here is the same as in Florida or Hong-Kong. Picturesque costumes and the habit of prayer are vanishing out of the life of the city, and simultaneously the camels and the old wooden wheels will vanish from the steppes and the pastoral lands of the interior before the motor-tractors and the railway.

Here are being erected schools and lyceums, hospitals and laboratories. All persons under forty-two have to attend the evening classes in order to learn the new handwriting; most of them are learning to read and write for the first time; the number of women attending is the greater in that so many are reluctant to admit themselves to be over forty-two! The women, it may also be noted, prefer the dressmaking-classes to the cookery-classes, for now that a woman must show herself in public, fashions have come in. These changes are events in the life of a race condemned for centuries to a sleep which had been broken only by wars and corruption. If, as in Europe, the army budget of modern Turkey swallows millions of pounds which provide for death instead of for life, relatively larger sums are at least allotted to education and training in this poverty-stricken country, which draws its supplies from its own resources and which contracts no foreign loans, than in many wealthier lands.

*LEARNING HIS LETTERS: Adults of all ages in Turkey, as well as children, are forced to learn the Roman alphabet*

In this new Turkish State revolution has been sanctioned and brought about by all strata of the people. No one looks back with regret to the era of the Sultans. They have come to be scorned, and it was only because their decadent monarchs also played the rôle of Caliph that the Caliphate could so easily be done away with. The disillusionment and bitter resentment felt by the people in respect to their late rulers are not being hushed up here as in other Imperial realms; nothing is being glossed over; education can be built up upon new principles in freedom from the influence of reactionary teachers. The man who fulfilled the will of the nations may indeed have personal enemies but he has no political enemies. Fourteen million human beings feel reverence for him as their liberator, and if they sometimes stand in fear of him, that does no harm just at the start!

*A SYMBOL OF EMANCIPATION: Mlle Muammer Hanum, the only woman taxi-driver in Constantinople. In a land where women were secluded chattels, such an innovation, due entirely to the Ghazi, shows the staggering progress he has made in his land*

How soon will "the start" be over? That is the question. For the borderland between democracy and Dictatorship can be nowhere better studied than in Turkey. In Turkey the problem lies exposed to all eyes, but it is difficult for the foreigner to get at the bottom of it, for the Turk is disinclined to say "Yes" or "No" and he is remarkably sensitive on the point. "The Ghazi"—"the Unconquered"—is a demi-god in his eyes, credited with all the moral powers, but if anyone calls him a Dictator the democratic conscience of young Turkey is troubled, and the reply is that we are here confronted only with a constitutional creation. This is the burden of the song sung also by the Ministers who, while responsible nominally to Parliament, are really, as members of his Party, controlled by the Ghazi. The identity of the Party with the Administration is officially disputed here as in Russia and Italy.

The shrewdest and the best-known member of the Government, and also the most independent in his methods, is Ismet Pasha, the Premier—the Ghazi's first lieutenant, so to say. He has a fascinating laugh. Both in appearance and in his sense of humour he reminded me of Einstein, but he is much more guileful. It was he who won the Peace of Lausanne—the first time for

# of a STATE

## the Awakener of Turkey

LUDWIG

200 years that Old Asia achieved a victory over Europe. He, like the others, all old comrades in arms, sits every evening with the Ghazi, and at these long sittings, which are attended with ample libations, and often last into the morning (and which are said to be marked by all kinds of diversions), all matters are discussed. In practice everything is decided by the President of the Republic, as he is the strongest.

The impressive thing about Kemal's career (as D. von Mikusch has recently pointed out so well) is his consistency and his patience, his courage and his silence. A revolutionary officer who already in Salonica, his native city, had begun to oppose the Committee of Young Turks; a man for whom no measure of reform was adequate; who makes no capital out of the military reputation he earned at Gallipoli, who has twice withdrawn from public life, who with threats warned the last Sultan to turn over a new leaf, and who then, after the War, contrived to outwit him and the people in power in Constantinople and his own friends, and who allowed himself to be warned, recalled, deposed, and sentenced to death by his own Government; who overthrew the Sultan, abolished the Caliphate, set free the essential part of Turkey from the ruins of the old empire, saved it, and established it as a Republic. By these achievements Kemal, during the last ten years, has proved himself a great military leader and statesman—one who has accomplished more in his own sphere than most of his European contemporaries.

*A CUP OF COFFEE: The Constitutional Dictator during one of his long conversations with his advisers*

This man of forty-eight, whose portrait hangs in every room and to whom three monuments already have been erected in the new capital, presented a melancholy aspect ten years ago in his military uniform, with hollows sunken in his narrow face. His moustache and fez, prominent features in his portraits at that time, are now gone. His medium-sized figure, still slight, is now always clad in very elegant civil dress. His hair is blond—a bright blond. His heavily-furrowed countenance is an index to what he has gone through.

With a touch of coquetry Kemal during our talk sat so much in the shade, while I was nearly blinded by the brilliant light, that I should have lost half my booty as a Stalker of Great Men had he not illuminated his face incessantly by lighting innumerable cigarettes. Pale blue eyes, with no sharpness in them, almost complete impassiveness, and a quiet, deep, and at the same time hoarse voice, make him seem at first ungenial. Whereas formerly he is said to have been lively and sparkling, he now appears pensive rather, and he is sometimes liable to moods of depression which last for weeks.

Without emerging from his statue-like immobility, as our conversation progressed he became a little more animated in his language, and even decided at a later stage to smile, but this was only towards the close of our interview, which lasted three hours.

The Ghazi is the Man without Caprice ("Der Mann ohne Phantasie." The German word "phantasie" here denotes something between caprice and an extravagantly imaginative tendency). So he himself declares. He plumes himself on this. He had had some of my books translated into Turkish, including my *Napoleon*, and he now set out on a long disquisition on the Emperor, contending that the latter's extravagant imagination had brought about his downfall. Instead of drawing attention to his own resemblances to Napoleon (resemblances he must of course reflect upon privately), he laid stress upon the points in Napoleon's character which he thought weak, and spoke with respectful regret of the romantic traits which led him to become Emperor, to hanker after India, and to aggrandize his family.

"A man must have impersonal ends. One who comes into a country as a stranger will never raise it up if he be actuated by selfish motives. One who is fettered by old systems and traditional ties cannot build up a modern State. Napoleon put up with Fouché although he knew that Fouché betrayed him. In this he delivered himself over to his worst enemy, a fact which can be ascribed only to mental obscuration. He began without any basic ideas and was only led on by events to his great plans. He delayed democracy by about sixty years. Do you know why I had your book translated and why I let it run first as a serial for six months in my paper? It was that soldiers might find in it an example of courage and energy, and that citizens should see what happens when a stranger comes into a land and betrays it."

These judgments have significance in connection with the programme of the man who uttered them; a man compared with whom Napoleon was half a dreamer. A man full of national feeling, distrustful of all other races, obsessed with one single idea—at once its servant and its master—the Ghazi scorns all motives which cannot be expressed in black and white, and manifests his passionately rational character in his conflict with all mystics, caliphs, and priests.

"You have reduced the figure of Jesus," he went on, "to its real human dimensions, but, even so, you have glorified Him a great deal too much. I am now having the Koran issued for the first time in Turkish, and I am moreover having a Life of Muhammad translated. The people shall see that it is more or less the same everywhere, and that all that results from it all is a livelihood for the priests. You have been wondering to see the mosques so soon empty although no one is excluded from them? The Turk was not a Muhammadan by nature; the shepherds know only the sun, the clouds, and the stars; these things are understood by the peasants all the world over, for the harvests depend upon the weather. The Turk reveres Nature and nothing else."

"In that," I commented, "he is in accord with the most highly-gifted of men. Goethe called it 'God-Nature.'"

Kemal repeated in his deep voice the German words which had probably never been spoken previously in this country. Then he said: "I could not subscribe to that idea. God for me is just the culmination of the human community."

As one does well not to enter into a discussion with a soldier of speculative mind, and as a stranger and a guest does well not to contradict a Dictator, I allowed the matter to rest there, led him from the theme of God to that of Fate, and delighted him with an inquiry as to two different words which the last Sultan taught me and which approximate in meaning to Chance and Fate—or to Tyche and Dæmon. He "shied" at the name of the Sultan, but proceeded to explain that both words were Arabic and therefore did not concern Turkey. He went on:

"Fate? First we have the calculation as to what is feasible—first the conception, then the carrying out. The leader must turn circumstances to account. He must act with decision but always with reason. The development is not predestined, but forces the actors on."

"Then if you had not taken the lead at the time you did, were there others who might equally well have thought out the deliverance and establishment of this nation?"

"I know not what was in the minds of others. I thought it out for myself."

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was acting as interpreter, introduced a certain intonation of triumph into this sentence; the Ghazi had uttered it in a quite expressionless manner, and it pleased me better in his apathetic voice than anything else. It is in such short, sudden answers that one recognizes the leader, a self-reliance that looks neither to the right nor to the left. By the word "leader" Kemal did not mean the leader of an army. He does not like to hear himself spoken of as a "soldier," and he corrects it always into "commandant."

(*Continued on p. 480*)

*THE CONSTITUTIONAL DICTATOR: Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who has awakened the Turk from the corrupt and nightmare-ridden sleep of the Ottoman Empire. He has abolished the Caliphate, wiped out the Sultan, obliterated the old alphabet, and put Turkey once again on the map*

*TRANSITIONAL: A scene in some ways reminiscent of Turkey under the Sultans—the cobblers at work in the market-place; but the dress they affect shows the modernization achieved under the influence of Mustapha Kemal Pasha*

# LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

*"L'AIGLON" OF CHINA: Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang with the Moth he has recently acquired*

# WORLD AFFAIRS

## An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

**A COLONIAL CURE.**—Australia, Canada, and East Africa must sooner or later help England to solve the vital problem of the increasing number of workless—now over two million.

The fundamental causes of unemployment are over-population, over-industrialization, decreasing export trade.

There is indeed very little prospect of England ever being able to employ those two million workless again. Foreign markets with sufficient buying power to absorb what those two million might manufacture are simply not on the horizon. Why deceive ourselves? Competition for such markets as there are is intensely keen and growing sharper. To protect their own industries, or to foster domestic manufacture, various countries, with America at the head, are raising higher tariff walls to shut us out.

Even China and India are increasingly making articles of wear and use that formerly they imported. Egypt has aspirations in the same direction. In a few years Russia, with its raw products owned by the State, low standard of living, cheap Communist labour, promises to become one of the most formidable rivals in the world markets with certain products. The ever-growing use of machinery, instead of human hands, is another important factor bound to make for further unemployment.

In England to-day the middle-class, bulwark of the nation, is slowly, steadily, surely being ground to pieces by taxes and doles.

No statesman has the courage to tackle unemployment at one of its principal roots—over-population. He dare not whisper the thought of possible compulsory emigration of the younger generation from over-populated centres if no other solution can be found.

There are thousands of young men in England between the ages of twenty and thirty who have never done a stroke of work in the last ten years. What will so large an element that has never learned to work mean to the nation after a while?

Nations go deep into debt, float vast loans for purposes of War, for defence of country. Why cannot as well long-term loans be floated to emigrate thousands of the younger generation to Australia, Canada, former German East Africa, and there establish them on farms and plantations, to give them the chance in life which is denied them at home?

Australia is the world's most "empty continent," It has been a British possession since 1788. The population to-day of this vast continent, with an area of only 52,208 sq. miles less than the United States, is only two-thirds that of London, or just under two persons per sq. mile. England has 649 inhabitants to the sq. mile, Canada only 2·5 to the sq. mile.

In the tremendous territory of Kenya, and former German East Africa there are fewer than 25,000 British whites.

There is room for the overflow at home. Germany and Italy bewail that they have no colonial outlet for their surplus young men. We have room, but do not find a way of making use of what we have, and what others want. From another standpoint—the over-populated world is going to find outlets, by "peaceful penetration" or by war, since necessity knows no law. Are we going to leave our "empty dominions" empty for future generations of foreigners to sow and to reap, to mine, to exploit, and possess?

**AIR-MINDED CHINA.**—Chang Hsueh-liang, the "Tiger's Cub," has won his wings. This air-minded son of the late Generalissimo Chang Tso-lin, Dictator of the North and "Tiger of Manchuria," recently completed his flying instruction under Captain W. E. F. Jones, D.F.C., and took delivery of a de Havilland *de luxe* aeroplane modelled in all details upon the Prince of Wales's own machine.

The young Marshal, ruler of the three provinces of Manchuria, is an aviation enthusiast, and declares that for China of 4,277,170 sq. miles, mostly without roads or communication, aerial enterprize is of paramount importance in opening up the country to exploit and develop the country's resources. With this in mind Marshal Chang leads the vanguard of progress in his own sapphire-blue and yellow 'plane.

At the same time he received six of the latest Gipsy-Moth military training 'planes, ordered to form the nucleus of a modern air force, and to replace the 200 partly obsolete machines at present in use.

Since China first materialized an awakening interest in aviation by the purchase in 1919 of six large Handley-Page aeroplanes and some small training machines, Cathay has produced its "Chinese Lindbergh" in the person of Commander Chang Wai-chang, who last year linked up several of China's great centres during a flight of 3,000 miles in less than thirty hours.

This feat, which stirred the imaginations of modern and far-sighted Chinese, gave considerable impetus to the cause of aviation in China. For more than twelve months now China has been buying aircraft from Europe and America, establishing airports and landing-fields, opening flying centres, as best and as fast as can be done in view of the immense handicap of civil war and national chaos.

While the ever-increasing importance of military aviation is already recognized by the various Chinese rival war-lords, they realize, too, that upon whichever one of them success and fortune smiles, commercial aviation will be one of the greatest factors in China's peaceful economic development.

Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Chinese Republic," declared that 1,000,000 miles of roads and 100,000 miles of railways are needed to open up China to the influences of modern civilization. But up-to-date civil air fleets and modernly-equipped air-ports can bring speedier and less costly realization of certain phases of the late patriot's dream.

With such a rich commercial field opening to the competition of saturated home markets, it is worthy of note and reflection that within the last year America has succeeded in gaining predominance in the air, both civil and military, in all sections controlled by the Nationalist Government.

Yet here is golden opportunity for the British light aeroplane unrivalled in the world of aviation.

*THE ANSWER TO THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM: One of the great wheat fields of Canada*

**MYSTERY'S MYSTERIOUS LURE.**—"Good Lord! Don't the people read anything any more except crime, detective yarns, sex, spy and mystery stories," angrily exploded a traveller at Victoria Station the other day as I was leaving for Zurich. He was looking for something to read amongst a veritable barricade of mystery novels, etc.

"No wonder the Empire is going to the dogs if that is a picture of British reading brains." Turning to me he snapped, "Those novelists have solved just one big mystery that bothers the rest of us—making an easy living."

Mystery has ever had a lure for mankind, from childhood on, when the darkness fascinated but frightened.

Mysteries in real life are often more mysterious and unsolvable than any mystery novel. Why and how did Alfred Lowenstein, Belgian millionaire, fall or jump from his own aeroplane over the English Channel? How did Mr. van Lear Black, American millionaire, aviation enthusiast, fall from his own luxurious yacht? How did Frau Amlinger, widow of a German Reichswehr captain, jump out of a closed German aeroplane and dash herself to pieces 3,300 ft. below, the other day? The door of the 'plane was found bolted inside. Five other passengers did not see her leave the 'plane. She was on her way to the funeral of her husband who had been killed in a 'plane crash in Russia.

**BULGARIA'S LABOUR ARMY.**—Bulgaria's "National Labour Service," which has replaced universal military service in that country, is voted a decided success according to latest reports.

The example of that little Balkan State, which passed a law in 1920 making it the duty of every able-bodied male citizen over nineteen years old to labour one year for the State without remuneration other than his maintenance, in place of the former two or three years' military service, might well be studied by other countries with large unemployment lists.

The Bulgarian "Conscript Labour Army," if it may so be called, was 16,100 strong last year. It rendered the nation 2,370,000 days of labour. The net profit to the State is given as 146,231,000 Leva.

From this universal work-duty to the State Bulgaria has increased its network of railways from 1,180 miles to about 1,900 miles. The draining of the Danube swamps at Caraboas, carried out by 5,000 of the "Work Army," has added approximately one billion Leva to the national wealth of Bulgaria. During the last twelve months 370 miles of new highways have been constructed, fifty-one new bridges built, and twenty-four bridges repaired.

The Law declares that the universal duty of every male citizen to give a certain portion of his time to the State is for the purpose of "Educating Youth to practical life, and to intensify the sentiment for the maintenance and increase of the national and sociological wealth of the State." Also to help Bulgaria to recover from the disastrous effects of the War.

Under pressure of the Entente Powers, who claimed to see in this radical step of creating a State Labour Army a new Bulgarian Army thinly disguised, the duty of serving the State one year with work was reduced to eight months. Originally it also applied to all Bulgarian girls at the age of nineteen, but difficulty in finding appropriate work for them caused that part of the Law to be dropped.

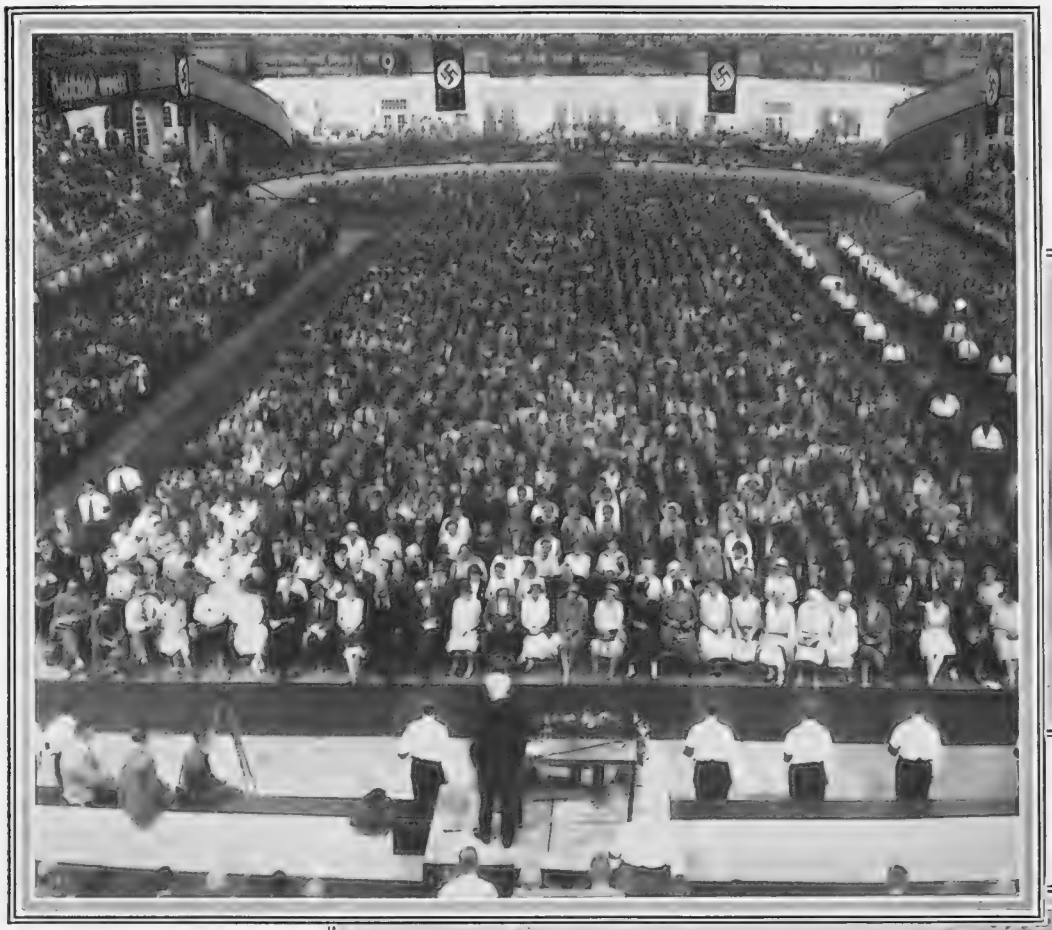
Only 30 per cent. of the youth of Bulgaria is drafted each year. Provision is also made for those who can afford to do so to buy themselves free from such service. Last year the sums thus received by the State totalled 77,535,000 Leva.

This Labour Army is uniformed and has strict discipline. The moral effect upon Youth of this training is declared to be excellent.

Why should not England create such a Labour Army for public works from the ranks of the unemployed, dole-receiving youth each year? The young men would learn to work, and the nation receive some benefits for the doles now paid to them from national taxes.

# The *SURVEY* of The *SPHERE*

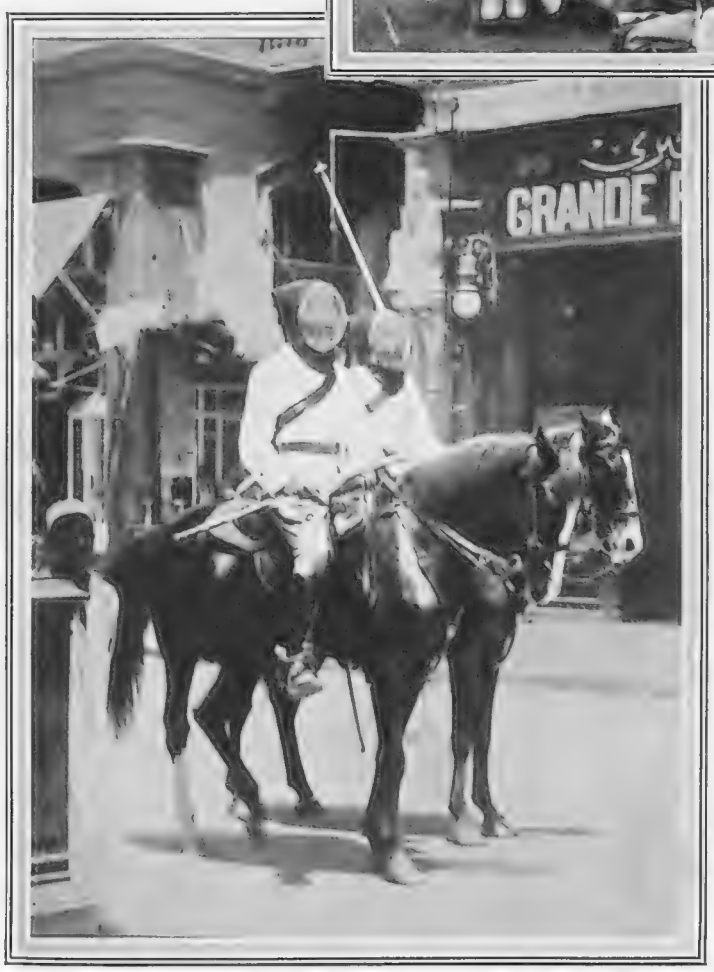
*Indian, German, Canadian, and Egyptian News in Pictures*



*FASCISMO IN GERMANY: A recent meeting of this powerful patriotic organization was held in the Sporting Palace of Berlin at which the leaders enunciated their electoral programme. Germany is swarming with societies, secret or semi-secret, of which the most fervent is probably the* Stahlhelm, *or Steel Helmets, an organization desiring to re-inspire the ideals of pre-War Prussia and to obtain in the eyes of the world the acquittal of their Fatherland from the charge of war-guilt*

*"THAT HE WHO RUNS MAY READ": In places where the Government of India has taken away the blackboards of the Congress, the latest news is written on the footpath by volunteers*

*ACADIANS IN THE HOME OF THEIR FOREFATHERS: A delegation from Louisiana visits Grand Pré, Nova Scotia. This was the original Acadia, but the French were expatriated in 1755 by the British and settled in a new Acadia in the South of the U.S.A. Louisiana is, of course, the most Gallic of the States*




*ORIGINAL BUT EFFECTUAL PROTECTION: Fencing masks are now issued to troops in Alexandria as a protection against the showers of stones that seem an inevitable concomitant of the prevalent Wafdist risings. They strike a curiously medieval, but not an anachronistic note in the Egyptian city*

*SPREEWALDERINS IN TRADITIONAL GARB: A classic country dance indigenous to the wooded district some little distance from Berlin was performed at Vetschau by 400 selected girls of the Spreewald. The costumes traditional in this area rival even the Bohemian, Scandinavian, or Hungarian peasant dresses in picturesqueness and elaborateness*

# When Life was a Pleasant Thing to Live

## Mr. Benson's Memoirs, and other Books of Yesterday

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

*Vandyk*

*THE AUTHOR OF "DODO": Mr. E. F. Benson, whose memoirs, "As We Were," are a model of reticence without slightness, and a true picture of the gracious years before the War*

Here is an autobiography by Mr. E. F. Benson, every page of which is delectable, *As We Were* (Longmans, 18s.) If I have any complaint to make it is that the author suffers from appalling modesty. He has lunched and lived with Kings and Queens, known the *grandes dames* of the great Victorian era, as well as the gay Edwardians, seen Henry Chaplin leave a sovereign on the rim of his plate for the cook who had pleased his palate, contrived to be the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a most successful novelist. He is compelled to confess to the Archbishop for father, a rather terrifying father, with such a sure partnership with God in the conduct of affairs, but whenever he finds himself meeting the royalties it is "a person" who recounts the story, and nowhere is there any evidence in the book that Mr. Benson ever wrote *Dodo*, creating thereby a sensation.

His worst *gaffe*, which filled him with horror, was when by accident, attending a party in Portman Square, he entered the wrong house. Almost the first person he met was Queen Alexandra, who engaged him in conversation—they had been in Greece together. Then he gradually became aware that the room was filled with members of the Royal Family, with not even a marquess or an earl to mar the royal rank. By accident he had entered the house of the Duchess of Fife, who was giving a family party. Now this event stands out in Mr. Benson's memory as the worst mistake of his life. The fact is significant. It shows the width of the gulf between his generation and the present. When certain people of no importance crashed into Bridgewater House and their presence was resented, they were not abashed, they were loud in Press and public upon their treatment. Throughout this book, a monument of good taste, of modesty, of restraint, one meets a gentleman of the old school.

In his day he has met the leading figures, either in his father's house, or in the famous houses when the week-end or the house-party was a carefully made selection of leading spirits. He has, therefore, a great deal to recount, he recounts it with flawless restraint—not once does his kindness or well-bred reticence desert him—and the most notable fact in this recital of the events of an extremely interesting life is that the guest has never permitted the author to tell the stories that would have been so startling and novel. Even so, this volume is full of good things. It should stand as a companion volume to that work of fiction, *The Edwardians*, although the latter only touches the end of the period Mr. Benson reviews.

His father was not only a remarkable man—the father of Robert Hugh, A. C. and E. F. would, in his sons alone, have a title to fame—he received the confidence of Queen Victoria and Gladstone at an early age, and never lost it. Still more notable in his private life, he seems to have seen the goal clearly from the beginning. He was the first headmaster of Wellington before he was thirty, he married a girl of eighteen to whom he was engaged at the age of twelve, he had determined as a boy to be Archbishop of Canterbury, he was a dynamo of energy, the possessor of implacable self-sufficiency, a man whose absolute piety just saved him from being a prig in common with the terribly earnest young men of his age. An elderly bachelor lavished his wealth and affection on this handsome young man. Whatever he wanted seemed to come to him, perhaps because he never wanted anything for himself or of an unworthy nature.

He was blessed in his death as in his life. When the guest of the Gladstones he went to morning service at Hawarden, and died on his knees. With a father so highly placed Mr. Benson found himself from birth in the centre of people and things. Foremost stands Queen Victoria, no Stracheyan caricature this, but the portrait of a little firm-minded old lady, thoroughly German in blood and lack of imagination, thoroughly British in her passion for the country she governed, and wiser than any of her Ministers because she was the first to realize that it was the middle-classes that counted and they must be satisfied.

What tact these ladies possessed! It was an age when no women had legs, but husbands were permitted mistresses. Thus the Duchess of Beaufort, in the presence of a house-party unpacked a portrait that everybody knew to be of the Duke's mistress. "Is it not charming? A *fancy* portrait, I suppose," she said. It would do very well hung just where it was. Then, as they all moved away, on second thoughts—"Perhaps His Grace might like it better in his own room." Then we have a glimpse of Lady Henry Somerset, who turned a tragic event into the motive of a life of service towards her unfortunate sisters.

There is a portrait of Gladstone, vivid, and not seen through the diminishing end of the telescope so much in use these days. There was the scandal of the G.O.M's association with women of the streets. It reached the ears of the Queen, too shocked and prejudiced against him to seek the right interpretation of that association. Lord Stanmore informed Gladstone of the reason of the Queen's coldness. "If the Queen thinks that of me, she is right to treat me as she does," he said. "That was his scale," comments Mr. Benson, "he was like that all through."

Twice only does the author allow himself a caustic comment. He cannot withhold the fact that Oscar Browning was a learned ass, and he makes delicious fun of the poetic pretensions of Alfred Austin, whom Lord Salisbury appointed to the Laureateship because "I don't think anybody else applied for the post."

The levity with which we are governed, and a shattering illustration of the myth that merit counts, are revealed in the story of Smithson and Jameson. The Archbishop and the P.M. had conferred on the choice of a candidate to some particular position. Jameson was selected. To the Archbishop's surprise it was the rejected Smithson who received the appointment. In reply to a letter from the Archbishop, Lord Salisbury wrote—

> "I do not know which of our memories was wrong, but I thought it was Smithson not Jameson we had agreed upon. Both are Liberal M.P.'s. Unfortunately before I received your Grace's letter I had sent in Mr. Smithson's name to the Queen. But I daresay it will do as well."

Once upon a time Mr. Benson meditated upon the making of an anthology of gems of bathos from the Laureates, inspired largely by the discursion of Alfred Austin upon visitations of the *divine afflatus*, which he called IT. Sir Edmund Gosse, hearing of this intention, pleaded for the inclusion of a gem from his late housemaid, late because that was a correct description, a mistress of the slops not in rooms but rhymes. Here is the gem, left on her departure:

> "O Moon, lovely Moon, with thy beautiful face,
> Careering throughout the boundaries of space,
> Whenever I see thee I think in my mind,
> Shall I ever, oh ever, behold thy behind!"

From this contribution of the Callipygian cult Mr. Benson turns to two famous scandals—the Tranby Croft affair and the Wilde trial. His comment on both is very sane. He deplores the savagery of the latter's sentence, and remarks how it helped to lift him into an European reputation, and the travesty of justice is remarked upon in the famous Whistler libel action. There is a delightful portrait of Swinburne, "he was only a man by pseudonym, some Greek Bacchanal or inspired spirit," who always had rows with his cabmen because he insisted that the fare distance between any two points in London was one shilling. Mr. Benson's skill as a writer shows best in the wholly delectable sketch of Athens in its regal days, with a ready-made Royal family; Olympic games in which the Marathon prizewinner was, later, the first home from the disastrous Turkish war, in even faster time; with a bugler at the Palace, who blew every time a royalty emerged, and who almost fell exhausted from tootling, such a hive of Royal heads was that palace; and a fleet in which the stokers had to be transferred from ship to ship whenever it wished to move because there were not enough to go round!

The book ends with the tragedy at Sarajevo. Mr. Benson believes the world worth living in ended then; "the old order of secure prosperity, of which I have been speaking, smouldered into ash and England will know it no more." It has lately been a fashion to deride the England of which he writes. This book will show the scoffers the grace of the days and things they have missed, when women had time to be gracious and witty, and the skill of one's cook had not been superseded in importance as by the speed of one's car. Lastly, there are a hundred felicitous turns of phrase in this charming narrative of one who has lived fully and well. Writing of his furniture and belongings he alludes to "that fine luxury of familiar things." There, in a phrase, is the title of a born writer.

Some books are like restaurants, you know in two minutes whether your appetite will be stimulated. I picked up *That Wild Lie* by Naomi Jacob (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) with the intention of putting it down again soon, for it had a most lurid wrapper, a title that means nothing, and a name that conveyed nothing. But every book, particularly the obscure ones, has the possibility of a new adventure. On page one I was interested sufficiently to see what was on page two. At the tenth page I knew that the ladder I had taken out of the shed, with the intention of fetching down those tantalizing apples at the very top of the tree, would not get propped up against those treacherous branches.

So I pulled my garden chair another two feet into the shade so as not to be disturbed by the westering sun, and slipped into Vienna of the year 1838, and the life of Emmanuel Gollantz.

This is the story of a young, handsome Jew, left destitute after riches. He migrates to England, sets up as an antique dealer, marries a lively countess, and has two children. The story is simple enough, but what a splendid thing Miss Jacob has made of it. Her Jew dominates the stage. He is a man of taste and feeling, a fine gentleman. The whole story is centred upon him, with a love episode which has fire and poetry. At the age of eighty-two we leave Emmanuel, rich, respected, and at no moment in those eighty-two years does one feel that the force of the portrait has diminished.

Here is a novel I can heartily recommend. It has a full, swift story, a course through the Victorian era to the present, vividly and accurately observed, and under all the hard sense a delicacy of feeling that is akin to poetry. But I wish Miss Jacob would learn one important thing. It is fatal in writing to anticipate the events of time. It cannot be done on the stage, it should not be done in fiction, for it breaks the illusion of the moment, which is the writer's strongest asset.

Mrs. Fred Reynolds gives us a period picture also in *The Loram Picture* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). Here is a City family of the "'forties" and "'fifties," with Mama so demure, and Papa so much a figure to be admired by all the little Lorams. Mrs. Reynolds has all the patience of the worker of a sampler and, indeed, this book reminds one of a sampler, so careful is the threadwork, so pious the sentiments, so tranquil the task of the hour.

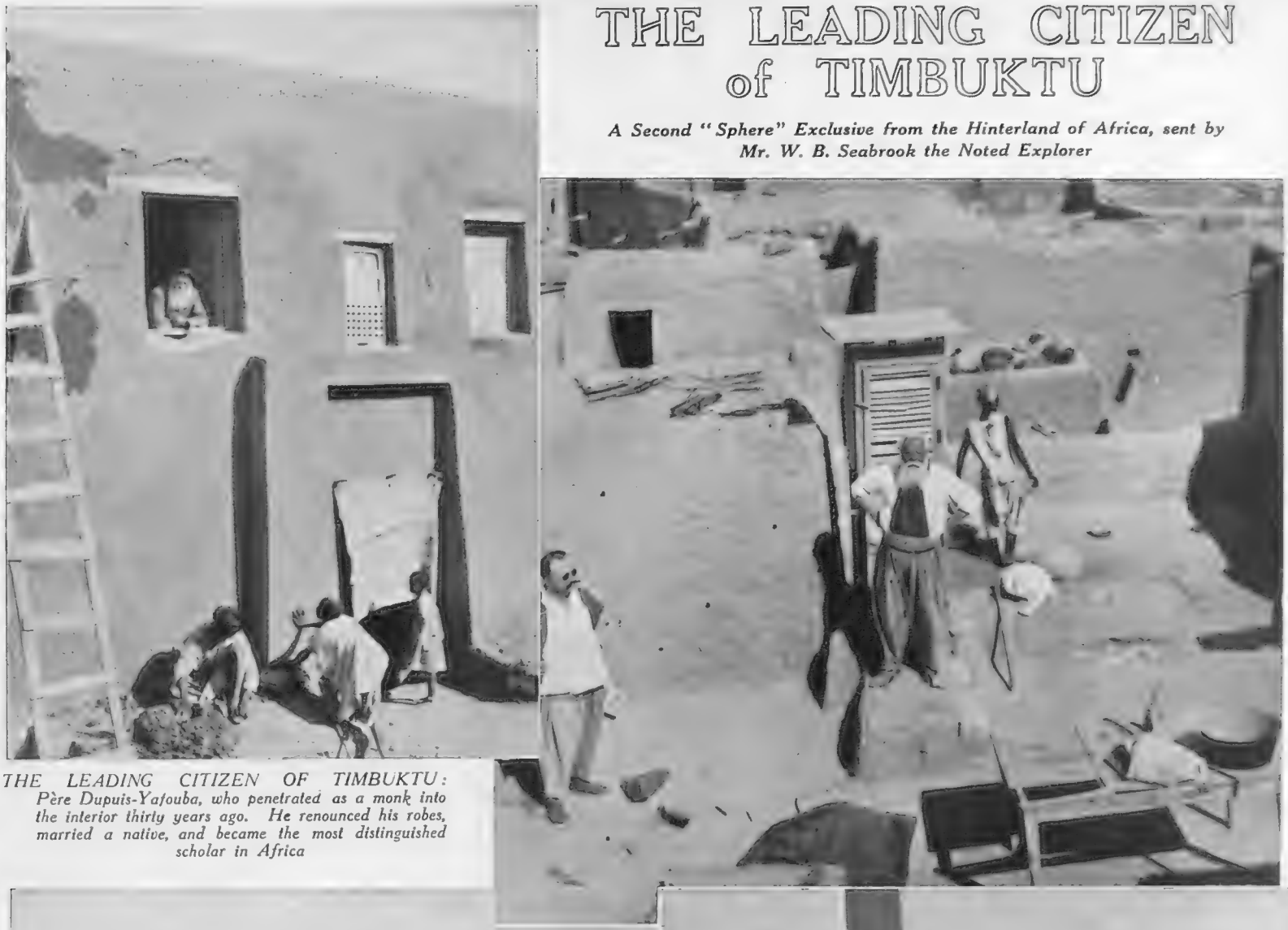
It is all very delightful, with Papa's water-colours to be observed and admired, with Richard who took the Queen's shilling, to be welcomed back to the fold, with Eliza's meetings with her young lover carefully scheduled—a black sheep one fears from the beginning. Mrs. Reynolds has studied her period with great effect. There were moments when I felt I was sitting on horsehair, that the stuffed squirrel under the dome stared at me with a glassy eye through the undusted years, that perhaps Miss Caroline was practising on me the Art of the Taking of Profiles. The book is as sweet as old Madeira.

We come to a cocktail with a kick in *Ex-Husband* (Marriott. 7s. 6d.). This is a satire on the new relation of the sexes, in which the deserted husband has a nice taste in silk underwear and scented bath salts. The force of the satire will be somewhat lost on English readers who do not know their Van-Vechten-Van-Doren-Edna-Millay milieu, which is to New York what the Blue Lantern is to London.

But in this hothouse of small arts and large pretensions the anonymous author, wisely anonymous, contrives to play an astonishing tune on the literary *sex*ophone. Anyone knows that vice demands a strong constitution. The trouble with the inhabitants of *Ex-Husband* is that they are all defective in the pituitary gland. People who cannot grow up grow tiresome. I deserted them on page 160.

# THE LEADING CITIZEN of TIMBUKTU

*A Second "Sphere" Exclusive from the Hinterland of Africa, sent by Mr. W. B. Seabrook the Noted Explorer*



*THE LEADING CITIZEN OF TIMBUKTU: Père Dupuis-Yafouba, who penetrated as a monk into the interior thirty years ago. He renounced his robes, married a native, and became the most distinguished scholar in Africa*

*A SPEAKER OF MANY TONGUES: The white-bearded Père Dupuis-Yafouba, who speaks and reads all modern European languages and is also a classical scholar. He is employed by the French Government as the Director of Schools and in an advisory capacity. Pipe in hand, he faces Mr. Seabrook's camera*

*A SCHOLAR'S WIFE: Salma, for whom Père Dupuis-Yafouba renounced his devotional career. Salma has borne her husband a dozen children, many of whom have achieved high distinction.* Above—*Père Dupuis-Yafouba is seen in propriâ personâ on the terrace of his house in Timbuktu. He speaks and reads all classical and European languages*

# UNKNOWN VILLAGES

## Ireli and Anu:

*Notable Records exclusive to "TH*
*SEABROOK, whose Dancing*

*A NATION OF TROGLODYTES: The villages of Ireli and Anu of the Habbe tribe are in the gorges of the Bandiagara Falaise, S.E. of Timbuktu. The roof of their buildings are thatched and the walls panelled, but they also live in caves dug in the cliff walls*

*A NEST OF HUMAN BEES: An overhead view of a village of the I Their mud houses are roofed with straw thatch. Like many African tribe monotheism. Their divinity, however, is a*

*A HUDDLE OF HUTS: A striking view of the Habbe settlements in the Bandiagara Falaise*

*THE RULER WITH A CURSE: The Yatanga Naba, King of the great Mossi tribe, in the High Volta, French West Africa*

The series of pictures on this double-page and the preceding page were sent to "The Sphere" by Mr. W. B. Seabrook, the distinguished explorer especially of things negroid, who has, with the co-operation of the French Government, been studying in detail the customs and conditions extant in the little-known Ivory Coast and the Upper Volta. Dr. Seabrook has an uncanny knack of entering into the negro heart and he has the reputation of being the only white to have been initiated into the mysteries of Voodoo, a subject

# GES OF WESTERN AFRICA

*xclusive to "THE SPHERE" of the Exploration Accomplished by Mr. W. B. whose Dancing Pictures in the Issue of July 26 Created such a Sensation*

*f a village of the Habbe tribe—a Western Central Africa people located S.E. of Timbuktu. many African tribes, they are fetishists, and their religion is a complicated theology based on inity, however, is divided into male and female principles*

*DEVOTEES OF FETISHES: Habbe villagers. This race is of pure negro blood and alternates between a Troglodyte existence and a life in mud huts thatched in straw. Ireli and Anu are two centres of Habbe life never before revealed to the world by the camera*

*e great Mossi*

Upper Volta. as the reputa- doo, a subject

*THE YATANGA NABA: Legend says if he and the Moro Naba, another potentate, ever see each other one will die before the new moon*

on which he wrote specially for "The Sphere" some time ago. But in all his widespread work Mr. Seabrook has never seen anything more exotic and strange than the customs of the country south of Timbuktu, where the Habbe tribe lives a Troglodyte

*AN EXTANT CANNIBAL: A warrior of the Ouere tribe. Green leaves are a "magic" to prevent them from being wounded*

existence, and the religious rites beggar description. The two strange villages here pictured are on the high ground of Bandiagara, to the south of the Niger, a sudden uprising from the general level of French Soudan. They lie some 180 miles south of Timbuktu.

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CABARET IN BERLIN: An overhead view of the great roof garden in the Funturmsgarten, showing the hundreds of tables all crowded with enthusiastic dancers

BERLIN IS TO-DAY the acknowledged centre of Continental gaiety, having entirely eclipsed Paris in that direction. The night-life is brilliant to a degree—many cabarets and restaurants remaining open until 3 or 4 a.m.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE: An innovation in a garage in Berlin is the disinfecting of the interiors of patrons' cars

# MANY FACETS of MODERN LIFE

*Mechanical Marvels: A Huge Berlin Cabaret: An English Survival*

*Ewing Galloway*

AN ANTI-MOSQUITO "TANK": A power pump used by the New York City Health Department. The oil is sprayed over the marshes to keep the *larvæ* under the water

*Ewing Galloway*

A SANITARY DUSTMAN: In Bad Nauheim the strictest health regulations are enforced. The municipal garbage trucks are fitted with steel covers

INVALIDS CAN NOW ENJOY MOTORING: The invention of Mr. Wright Barclay of New York. This consists of a disappearing ramp which enables half the back seat, set on wheels, to be rolled in and out of the car

LONDON'S LAST TOLL-GATE: The picturesque old "motorist's curse" at Dulwich. There are fifty-five gates of this kind still in the country

*THE NEEDLES OF DEATH: The majestic and perilous range of mountains over which Captain Thoret, the famous French mountain pilot, has often flown. He is entrusted with the task of supplying the personnel of the Mont Blanc Observatory with food*

*POISED ABOVE CERTAIN DESTRUCTION: Captain Thoret's 'plane over "The Needles." Had his engines failed nothing could have saved the great Alpine pilot, for landing was an impossibility. Captain Thoret has mapped out the region round Mont Blanc with a thoroughness hitherto unattained*

*DAGGERS OF ROCK: The district round Chamonix and Mont Blanc seen from above in all the angularity of its serrated edges and the sharpness of its scarps*

*OVER THE SNOW-CLAD SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC: Captain Thoret's machine flying at 17,000 ft. The air is so rarefied that even so practised an Alpine pilot as he has to use oxygen tanks*

# FLYING OVER Mt. BLANC

***Special pictures of Captain Thoret's terrific Exploits above the Alps***

# ENGLAND BUILT *on the Foundations of* ROME

## Remarkable Archæological Relics of Britain

*Aerofilms*

"THE WHITE HORSE OF ENGLAND": This is, however, not the most famous of the cuttings in the chalk which date back to pre-history—that is on the Berkshire downs—but a similar formation at Hambleton, Lancs. There are many reasons ascribed to the White Horse creations

FOUND ON A GOLF COURSE: Excavations on Lansdowne Golf Course, Bath, have revealed a remarkable Roman cemetery. The stone coffin, filled with Roman bones, seen above, was unearthed quite near the fairway, and golfers have occasionally to play from near it

A LATIN SQUARE WORD: A palindrome in the Corinium Museum composed of the words *Rotas, Opera, Tenet, Arepo, Sator*—a valuable relic greatly prized in Cirencester

ANCIENT LONDON DISCOVERED BENEATH THE WRECK OF LEVER HOUSE: Piles several centuries old have been unearthed by the workmen who demolished Lever House, Blackfriars Bridge

*Aerofilms*

A RELIC OF ROME: The ancient Roman camp at Thetford, Norfolk. Colchester was, of course, the great Roman centre of the district, and, preserves to this day in its termination a corruption, the Latin word *castra*, a camp

A HOUSE OF WATLING STREET: Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler in excavating the ancient city of Verulamium (St. Albans) have discovered part of the tessellated floor of a house. Verulam was, of course, Bacon's title

# YOUNG ENGLAND

*N. arcus Adams*

**Lady Diana and Her Son:** *The sister of the Duke of Rutland and the wife of Mr. A. Duff Cooper, with their son, John Julius*

*Lenare*

**A Child Champion:** *Miss Peggy Pacey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Pacey of Clifton Hall, Rugby, who has won over 200 prizes for horsemanship with her pony, Micky*

*Lenare*

**Of the House of Marlborough:**

*Lady Sarah and Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford. The Marquess is the son of the ninth Duke of Marlborough by his first wife. The two attractive children are seen at Lowesby Hall*

*Speaight*

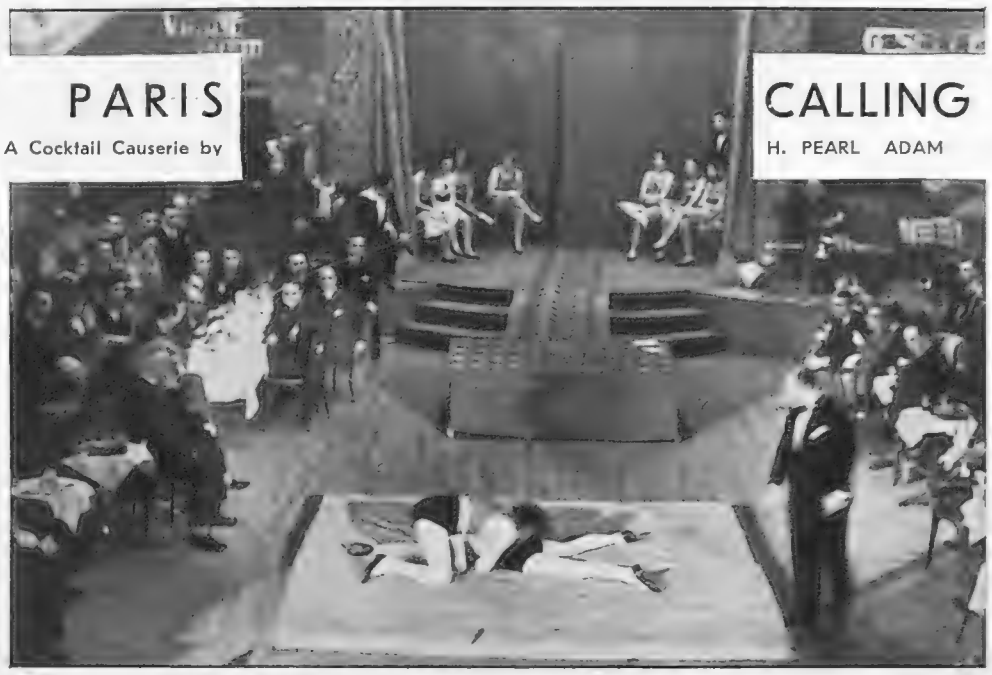
**Princess Mary and Her Two Sons:** *The daughter of the King and Queen, now Countess of Harewood, with her two sons, Viscount Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. By a curious coincidence the younger son shares a birthday with his little, as yet unchristened, cousin (the Duchess of York's baby), who was ushered into the world on August 21, when the Hon. Gerald Lascelles was six years old*

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

## PARIS CALLING

A Cocktail Causerie by H. PEARL ADAM



PARIS'S LATEST DIVERSION: While the Bat Club in London offers its patrons masculine boxing matches during dinner, the Bal Tabarin stages feminine wrestling matches

MAINLY JAM.—September brings Parliament and oysters to Paris; another example of the law which makes the dock and the nettle grow near each other. It also brings jam, but not for tea; the jam in question is spread thickly over the streets, and is made of traffic. It has been very pleasant to be able to get about this city in reasonable time and comfort, but people won't stay away for ever. A French writer who discovered a week or two ago that London also is empty in August comments with surprise on the fact that "the Londoner chooses for going away the only month in the year when he could get about comfortably in town." Yes, but he couldn't if he didn't—I mean, it's because he does that he could—how difficult really simple things are to explain! The Parisian does it too, and now that he is back he can't circulate easily because he *is* back. At what the French call "hours of affluence" we are beginning to feel that for a year again, in spite of all the Red Queen said, it will be always jam to-day.

THE STORM IN THE SALTCELLAR: The very Gallic *salière* designed by Andre Godin

A NEW DICTIONARY.—The hours of affluence in question are those when there are far too many human beings where you are yourself, just as hurried as yourself, and just as indifferent to the hopes and fears and necessities that have forced you to be there as you are to theirs. When we talk of affluence we mean money; when the French Métro talks about it they mean people, and people who haven't money to take taxis. There are more and more systems which try to blaze a royal road to a new language by showing just how many words are alike in your own and it.

A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY: Paris was so empty in August that the newsvendor had time to read his own wares

Some day a philosopher who wants to benefit mankind will give us a Dictionary of Pitfalls in regard to these likenesses. "Affluence" is a case in point. Then, if you pretend a thing in French you are alleging it or asserting it in English, which is important even outside a court of law. I will subscribe very willingly to the Pitfall Dictionary (French-English edition), for I have not forgotten the day in my girlhood when I startled a young foreigner by asking if he had had a three-month love affair in Paris! The poor fellow told my mother that I obviously wanted to ask whether he had done all his household work himself in the wee flat he had rented to avoid the expense of hotels; but that a well-elevated young girl (he was now speaking English, and meant respectable—another pitfall!) could not too soon learn that *faire le menage* and *faire un menage* are not the same thing. One was perhaps her business, but the other was most decidedly his!

And one remembers the Frenchman who said that he admired Englishwomen because "their hides—I mean their pelts—are so beautiful." That put a new complexion on things, though not the one he meant.

WITH A PINCH OF SALT.—Is it, or is it not, tactful to pour salt out of Gandhi's head? André Godin, who sees no reason why porcelain and pottery should not contribute to the gaiety of nations, has committed and emitted a Gandhi salt-cellar which is adding considerably to the cares of hostesses. It is so obviously a good-humoured joke in its deliberate ugliness; and yet when the Permanent Attaché for Under Affairs at the Anglo-Saxon Embassy is to be present, *will* it be tactful to have the amusing little gargoyle on the table? (I refer to the salt-cellar, not to Gandhi.) It is to the 100 per cent. credit of a Second-to-Third Secretary of Embassy that, finding this salt-cellar before him at a party where the host might perhaps have arranged it, he handed the vessel to his neighbour, saying: "May I give you some salt? I have always heard that it is so *un*lucky to help oneself to it."

TOURIST PARIS.—One of the pleasures of the off-season is the opportunity it affords of dining where one wants to. My experience of living in Paris is that visiting friends always want to take one to some deadly dull place where the amount of noise is supposed to denote gaiety and the head waiter's magnificent tailoring is expected to console the host for the fourth-dimensional bill. It is really quite embarrassing to offer a bird and a bottle in your own house, and then be taken to an egg with boracic cream, some sole in liver-trouble sauce, chicken presented as though nobody had ever heard of poultry before, with the head-waiter looking reverent in the background, and a peach that almost makes one wish Melba had kept her mouth shut; all costing the eyes out of your host's head, and usually having run you into a new frock yourself. But that is what the poor dears do when they come over. Take you to the Superba, and then congratulate you on living in Paris. For one thing you, can't afford to go there, and for another you wouldn't, any more than you would buy anything in any of the shops in what one learns to look on as the Flycatcher district.

GASTRONOMIC.—Paris has the most amusing food, if you get out of that tourist-quarter. I had a Javanese meal the other night at the "Neuvième Art" which was almost enough to make me go to the Dutch East Indies in spite of all I have heard of the tiger-hungry mosquitoes there, to say nothing of moths larger than hippopotam . . . or rhinocer . . . (choose your own plural. In fact, one needn't go there. Tomlinson, in *Tidemarks*, gives an amusing account of a Dutchman eating "Rysttafel," or rice table. But that was in Java, and the rue Pigalle is much nearer. However, in spite of its address, the place closes after dinner, so the family can go there and have this most amusing meal. For a meal it is. There is everything that the curry-hound asks for when his hostess hasn't got it (don't we all know these returned Anglo-Indians!), and yet, and *yet*, the thing isn't a curry. There isn't the curry taste at all. The rice is a perfect excuse for individualism and communism alike, each grain being itself and yet the dish of it being so obviously interdependent. The meat has a sauce with it that came out of the meat and yet tastes of something else as well. And the fourteen other saucers that came along with things in them, not to mention the three bottles full of fire-alarm, all go to make a savoury mountain on the plate. *And*, you degenerate British, you are given a spoon to eat it with! It seems to me that England has forgotten that, if peas should not be eaten with knife, rice, and curry, should not be eaten with a fork. Java hasn't.

"SO VERY FRENCH": A scene symbolic to non-Gallic eyes of life in the Gay City. The alfresco *café* is an institution worthy of emulation even in an English summer

# The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

The single room has for its colours buff, pink, and blue. Mahogany is particularly pleasantly used and the modernist carpet is in keeping with the colour scheme

Here is the "best bedroom"—to indicate approximate prices in detail the double bedstead is 12½ guineas. The wood used here is all mahogany. The walls are enamelled duck's egg blue

In the sitting-room—better called the living-room, the rafters are blue and the carpet is pink and blue, while the walls are a warm beige pink, and the chair-covers grey-blue with touches of scarlet. This colour scheme is a fine setting for the bookcase of Queensland silky oak and the mahogany chair and bookcase

Furniture and decoration are designed and executed by Betty Joel, Limited.

Architect, Arthur W. Kenyon, F.R.I.B.A.

## For THREE HUNDRED POUNDS

### It is Possible to Furnish Your Home in the Modern Manner

By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

In the dining-room Queensland silky oak is used in a colour scheme this time of yellow walls, beige and white curtains and chairs covered with green American cloth

Happily for the woman with the moderate purse and fastidious taste, modern furniture in England is no longer merely a stunt and an expensive gesture at that.

It is interesting therefore to make a rather detailed survey of a specimen medium-sized house in the present-day style, which has been furnished for an inclusive round sum by English designers using only the best craftsmanship and design and Empire materials. The sum needed to furnish the six-roomed house was as low as £300: the house itself is the work of the architect, Arthur W. Kenyon, at Welwyn Garden City. It is interesting to notice in passing the wide range of decorative possibilities contained in Empire timbers; some are used here, but they have to be seen in their enchanting colours, rather than photographs, to be appreciated. Betty Joel, Ltd., are responsible for the furnishing of the house; the furniture designed and produced by this firm is essentially English—and essentially modernist—two qualities which we were assured once could never go together. This exhibition house is designed to show possibilities and not suggest standardization; its chief interest lies in the fact that it demonstrates to the woman furnishing her home what can be done for approximately that small sum, so she can make her plans on that scale; how these things look in a real house and the power of unexpected harmonies in colour. It should be the starting-point and not an indication of the ultimate reach of the schemes and ideas of the woman with a house to furnish, but who nevertheless has to remember that overdrafts are not "miraculous drafts."

*Pictures by Humphrey and Vera Joel*

The kitchen of this exhibition house is faultless in labour-saving design and equipment—this fits in well with the Betty Joel house although it was not equipped by her

# ABOUT THE NEW DRESS FABRICS

*by*

**WILMA MORWEN BUCKLEY**

Fabrics "date" quite as much as style and line; they change from season to season so that it is wiser to have a small but good (good in the fashion sense) collection of clothes and wear them out and discard them. It is seldom possible to carry on a coat or frock really successfully from one autumn to another except in the case of tailored suits and classic tweeds, because even though alterations can be made, the materials remain obviously those of yesteryear.

One of the most noticeable features of the new fabrics for this season is the introduction of white into most materials. White spots, checks, tiny flowers, lines, and powderings appear over and over again in silks and woollens.

Wool fabrics, self-coloured, rival tweeds for morning wear in town—wool georgettes, madianas, hopsacks, wool tussores, friezes.

Velvet is seen a great deal in afternoon frocks and coats, plain or printed, very dark of colour. Panne and chiffon velvets have superseded the ring variety, which is rather too thin and fluid for daytime occasions. In the evening metal brocades and lamés, lighter in weight than those of last year, make the greatest number of appearances. They are all flowered, the designs being multi-coloured and very large. This is in direct contrast to all the daytime materials, in which the designs have shrunk to minute dimensions.

The tweed world shows a change of weave—flecks and knots have vanished, giving place to basket-weaves and those of herring-bone persuasion. Scotch and Cumberland tweeds are used chiefly, and plain cheviot. These fabrics are being woven, in many cases, in two weights, one for the coat and a lighter one for the accompanying dress. A typical example of a Cumberland tweed is shown in the sketch on this page (No. 5) from Debenham and Freebody.

Among the examples of new fabrics, also at Debenham and Freebody's and illustrated here, are a lamé (No. 8 in sketch) with a flowered pattern of pale and dark green, pale blue and black on a gold ground, and a chiffon velvet (No. 2) printed in white spots on a very dark-red ground. Modalya is the name of a loosely-woven light-weight woollen. A Cumberland tweed in nigger-brown and pale yellow is representative of the new weaving.

From Woollands come Tuslic, a wool tussore printed in a tiny clove design in beige on dark colours (No. 3 in sketch); a novelty frieze, self-coloured, for the accompanying top-coat; a Scotch tweed woven in two weights and reversible in both instances, in mulberry and beige; and an autumn-weight wool georgette showing a faint white check. Burellic (No. 7) is a herring-bone tweed that has a dark brown stripe at intervals. Madiana argenté (No. 6) shows the silvered effect obtained by the use of white threads in the weave; granel is another light-weight woollen in dark colours powdered all over with white. Tissue cravatte, a mixture of silk and wool, is woven in a very small tie-pattern, white on dark green, red, or brown, very useful for practical afternoon frocks.

To the right are illustrated some of the new dress fabrics described fully in the article above. The designs for daytime are small, whilst those for evening wear are large and multi-coloured

# SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

The theatre has awakened from its long summer sleep with a fanfare of trumpets and a majestic roll on the drums.

White-faced producers are throwing their hands about in despair because they say it is getting increasingly difficult to cast a show with good actors and actresses, whilst good actors and actresses are wondering why they cannot get a job. In fact all the symptoms of the greatest offensive in the history of the theatre finally to lay by the heels its arch-enemies—talking pictures, radio, and the latest belligerent, midget golf.

For weeks the thunder of drum-fire in the Press has heralded the approaching offensive, and this week four big attacks have gone over the top with mixed success.

The first was the most successful, as it not only accomplished all that was intended, but deserves to have a bigger success than even its sanguine commander hoped.

*MISS BEATRICE LILLIE: The subtle and talented star who makes a welcome return to the English stage in the Charlot show at the new Cambridge Theatre*

I refer to Baliol Holloway's *Richard III* at the New Theatre. It is impossible for me to compare Mr. Holloway's performance with the great ones of the past, as the last time it was given in the West End was in 1910, at which time I was too young to be allowed to hear the strong language which is quite a feature of the play; but I felt that Mr. Holloway's acting was the most brilliant performance of the year, with the possible exception of Mr. John Gielgud's *Hamlet*. He was so whole-hearted in his murdering, albeit with a sense of humour, that he made the character quite attractive, especially as, early on, he let us into the secret of his villainy. His facial expressions during his asides to the audience were most amusing, although at times I felt that the mantle of Elijah Chaney had fallen on Elisha Holloway.

There were several other brilliant pieces of acting, especially Nancy Price's fiery rendering of the part of Margaret. She uttered the well-known curses with such fierce abandon that I felt surprised that the recipients of her ungentle phrases did not fall down dead on the spot. Never have I seen such a ferocious and wild-eyed virago let loose on the stage. She was positively shattering, although less awe-inspiring than that pretty brace of murderers — Messrs. Hubert Carter and William J. Miller.

The melodramatic qualities of the play were brought out as much as the action allowed, for we were regaled with oceans of blood, a chopped-off head in a sack, and, to round off a jolly evening, the most realistic and horrifying death of Richard III himself, which earned a round of applause.

After a surfeit of the restrained type of acting required by drawing-room plays which form the majority of the present theatrical exhibits, it was pleasant to see some good old-fashioned traditional acting again. I advise all those who enjoy an evening of thrills to flock to the New Theatre.

The scenery and dresses were just right: not too sumptuous to draw one's attention away from the acting, and yet not stinted. The producer, whose name is not mentioned in the programme, did his work very well indeed, although one extremely pretty young girl in the crowd of Londoners hailing their new King behaved more as if she were at a gala night at the Café de Paris than helping to make English history.

I was particularly anxious to see Sir John Martin Harvey's *The Devil's Disciple*, as I had seen this play a few weeks ago in Berlin. It was, however, a disappointing evening. Firstly, because Sir John, in spite of all his posturing and shouting, never gave the impression of the wicked Richard Dudgeon who lived with the gipsies and loved better the tavern than the shop. Secondly, the play is not Mr. Shaw's most subtle, and, treated as plain melodrama, is not up to the Lyceum standard.

There are glimmers of the genius of the Bernard Shaw we know by his later works, but Sir John is ill-advised to expect to be successful with one of the great Irishman's minor plays.

The only part in the play which stands out is that of the famous Georgian dilettante, General Burgoyne. Excepting that he looked exactly like a painting of the period, Charles Carson did not make nearly enough of this plum of the acting profession.

Mary Rorke, who played Margaret in *Richard III* on its last production in London, had a similar part in *The Devil's Disciple*, and gave us a little masterpiece as Mrs. Dudgeon, and Margaret Webster and Edmund Gwenn were excellent as the pastor and his wife. It is interesting to recall that this later part was played in Berlin by an English girl named Karin Evans in faultless German.

After these two examples of the blood-and-thunder melodrama, I felt quite light-headed when I went to see *Charlot's Masquerade* at that most artistic new edifice, the Cambridge Theatre. Not that murder and sudden death are absent from this light entertainment, as the management supply these in large quantities in a terrifying ballet called *The Masque of the Red Death*.

It is, however, easy to forget the crimes of the Duke of Gloucester and the hanging of American patriots by brutal soldiery when one is sitting at the feet of that most subtle and clever of comediennes, Miss Beatrice Lillie.

Three of the things that make her a great artiste are restraint, timing, and, of course, personality. I know of no finer example of simple and yet classic humour than her impersonation of an English country girl dressed up as the Queen of the May indulging in a gay romp round the maypole. Her impression of Miss Ruth Draper is amusing to those of us who have had the privilege of seeing this supreme actress, but must be slightly incomprehensible to those who have not.

Most of the scenes in this revue are by Ronald Jeans. They are amusing enough without being uproarious, excepting a sketch depicting what would happen if the rage of negro spirituals were to spread to our homes. This was very funny indeed.

Unfortunately, the two best sketches in the show are from a New York revue called *Garrick Gaieties*.

*MISS KATHLEEN BURGESS: Who has filled with startling success the part left vacant by Miss Lilian Davies in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane*

In spite of some very sumptuous and, at times, beautiful ballets, the high-light of the great amount of dancing in the show was the single dance by Mr. Anton Dolin. He has improved considerably, and acquired much more grace since I saw him in one of the Archibald de Bear revues at the Vaudeville Theatre.

In fact, excepting for some sound work by J. H. Roberts and Florence Desmond, the rest of the cast lag a long way behind.

Miss Desmond's impersonation of Miss Tallulah Bankhead was excellent, and Mr. Roberts's make-up as Hannen Swaffer perfect, although he did not attempt to ape the speech of that terror of bad producers.

The music of eight composers was used without the discovery of anything very remarkable, but the whole entertainment is a good example of the neat and bright form of entertainment which Mr. André Charlot made famous. I felt that there was just a little too much ballet, and too little of Miss Lillie, as one cannot have too much of a good thing. Miss Lillie is a very good thing.

The chorus-ladies were well up to the Charlot standard, which is very high praise indeed, the lighting perfect, and the whole show was extremely quick, one scene following another at lightning speed—one of the most important factors for success in revue production.

*MISS IRIS HOEY: The well-known actress who is stepping into the part in "The Man in Possession" at the Ambassadors Theatre played hitherto by Miss Isabel Jeans*

Everybody who is anybody will want to see this show; everybody who is not anybody will probably feel slightly bored.

I was not bored for a single moment!

I am sorry that I cannot say the same thing about *Eldorado*, the latest attempt to bring Daly's Theatre back to its past pre-eminent position of being the standard for the world of the best musical comedies to be seen anywhere.

I tried hard to find something in the show which I felt I could commend, practically without success.

The music was not untuneful, the mounting and dresses good, the book and lyrics bad.

When one goes to a musical comedy one does not expect to find the wit and subtlety of a Shaw, and one makes the necessary allowances, rather looking forward to an absurd story at which one can laugh; but one does expect to understand something of what the show is all about. I concentrated on the story more than I did on *Richard III* (and this strained my fairly good knowledge of English history) but had to give it up as a bad job.

All I understood was that a Brazilian Capulet (immensely well played by Oscar Asche) objected to the marriage of his daughter to the son of an Argentinian Montague, and on their showing commendable firmness about the project, had the young man kidnapped by a gang of nice clean-looking Gauchos. Of course, at the end of the second act the heroine faints, but recovers in the last act to fall into the arms of her lover, who appears to find no difficulty in escaping and flying to Buenos Aires to claim his bride.

The respective fathers of the young couple made no sign of falling round each other's necks, which seemed a shame, as I should have liked to have seen Mr. Asche fall round the neck of his erstwhile enemy. There is also a story of a valuable diamond called the Eldorado, which three most gullible and simple crooks try to steal, unsuccessfully needless to say. Why, I cannot say, as I could not follow the sleight-of-hand business every time the jewel was handed to all and sundry.

Besides its mystifying book, the worst fault of the show is the almost entire absence of comedy. Jerry Verno strove manfully to make the audience laugh with a few of the oldest jokes I can remember, but there were not even many of these. Given good material this comedian might one day make a name for himself. Desirée Ellinger's voice is as good as ever, and Mimi Crawford dances very gracefully. It was a pleasure to see a musical-comedy actress point her toes when executing a high kick.

# ENGLAND

## *Rural and Urban*

BRITAIN'S AQUATIC AMBASSADRESS: Miss Joyce Cooper, who has brought back from the Empire Games in Canada three titles and an unbeaten record

"LILLIPUTTING": Midget Golf, having swept America like a steadily burning forest fire, has come to England. Many of the great stores are installing it for the attraction of customers. At the Kit-Cat restaurant in the Haymarket the Teeny Tiny Golf Course has been laid out and is proving very popular. Negotiation of a bunker is seen above

THE ANTI-LITTER CAMPAIGN: As a protest against the carelessness of the public, which ruthlessly destroys the amenities of beauty spots, motorists patrolled the New Forest equipped with prongs and baskets, clearing up all the rubbish left by careless picnickers and campers. They subsequently assembled at Lyndhurst Common, where they demonstrated how a picnic should be cleared up. Cars are seen above heading for the incinerator in which the litter was burned

HUNTING AN ENEMY OF FISH: A pack of the otter hounds going through a cornfield after meeting near North Petherton, a few miles from Bridgwater, Somerset

AFTER THE PICNIC: Lady Pearl Montagu of Beaulieu (New Forest Association) talks to one of the forest rangers during the burning of the litter after motor-cars full of anti-litterists had cleared up the New Forest

# The SPHERE of TRAVEL

## "POET'S COUNTY"

### The Glory of Sussex

*"Each to his choice, but I rejoice*
*The lot has fallen to me,*
*In a fair land, in a fair land,*
*Sussex by the sea."*

To stand on the heights of the South Downs between Eastbourne and Seaford Head, on Ditchling Beacon or at the Devil's Dyke, with an outlook seawards on the one side and nearly all the Weald of Sussex and five counties on the other, is to realize the truth of Kipling's words. From the Romney marshes on the east to Arundel and Chichester on the west, from the South Coast line to the heather-clad slopes of Ashdown Forest, the scenery is so varied in its character and so typically English in its charm that it is not surprising that many writers and poets have made the county the subject of their stories and verses. Nor are its scenic delights the only charm of Sussex. Its history goes back to Saxon times. It is interwoven with the Norman Conquest; it is famous for its smuggling associations, while the romance of all the ages is preserved in its famous ruins of castles such as Hurstmonceaux and Bodiam, and the priories and abbeys of Wilmington and Battle.

We enter Sussex from the east by way of Rye, one of the quaintest little towns in England, with its medieval houses and cobbled streets. Together with its neighbour, Winchelsea, one of the Cinque Ports; it was in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a seaport of great importance, famous alike for its legitimate trading and smuggling. The gate by which one enters Rye dates from Edward III, while the Ypres Tower as well as the Parish Church, which is largely of Norman architecture, take one back to the days of ancient and medieval England. Winchelsea, now little more than a small village, near to the spot where William the Conqueror landed in 1066, once stood, as did Rye, on the sea, but with the receding of the Channel both towns are now two miles inland. The original town was planned by Edward I, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and from that date till the middle of the fifteenth century was the scene of many encounters with the Spaniards and the French. The Parish Church (thirteenth century) and the Old Court House are remarkably well preserved; so are the three gates of the town, the newest of which dates back to Henry V.

From Winchelsea you may proceed over the Romney Marshes for some distance, until the rising ground affords pleasant views over

*BUILT ON THE ROMAN PLAN: Chichester, the ancient* Regnum, *whose cathedral is built on the plan of Salisbury. Hence the proverb, "The master mason built Salisbury and his man Chichester"*

finely wooded country to Battle, the scene of the battle of Senlac, where Harold was killed and where remnants of the ruins of the old Abbey still stand, with the wonderful gateway which gives on to the Abbey, one of the stateliest piles in England. Onwards from Battle through Robertsbridge you may make a slight detour to Bodiam Castle, a well-preserved ruin of the fourteenth century generously left by the late Lord Curzon to the nation, and thence through the quaint villages of Ticehurst and Wadhurst to Mayfield. This road gradually rises all the way from sea level at Rye to 600 ft. at the Tunbridge Wells–Mayfield road, and affords some very lovely views of wooded undulating country on both sides. In the autumn, especially when the trees are turning, the scene is one not easily forgotten.

Designated, not without good reason, as the quaintest village in Sussex, Mayfield from the end of its long main street appears to the eye a veritable picture of black and white timbered houses of the Tudor period. The Middle House Inn rivals the Mermaid at Rye for quaintness, and the village sign at the end of the street depicts St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil by the nose. It was the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury from St. Dunstan until Elizabethan times, and the legend of St. Dunstan is that whilst working in his forge the Devil paid him a visit. He caught his Satanic Majesty by the nose with his red-hot forceps, whereupon the latter gave one leap in his pain and landed at a spring in Tunbridge Wells to cool his agonized feature. Ever since this historic episode the waters at the Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, have been tinged with iron. The old Palace is now a convent, but the Banqueting Hall can still be seen by permission.

*THE SMOOTH SWEEP OF THE SOUTHERN WEALD: The magnificent view from Devil's Dyke—the legend-haunted mass of the Downs near Brighton*

Passing through the same undulating and wooded country through Rotherfield, where the church will repay a visit, one enters on to the glorious scenery of Ashdown Forest. Rising to 800 ft. at Crowborough, wonderful views are obtained on all sides for several miles along the East Grinstead road, while the forest itself, with its wild and wooded stretches, its heather and bracken, is as yet unspoiled by the hand of the modern builder. A few miles across the forest in a westerly direction brings one to Uckfield, and from here one gradually descends on to another type of scenery at Lewes. The Cuckmere valley comes into view with the long ridges of the South Downs behind it. Famous for its one-time smuggling, and so well described in Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith novels, the Cuckmere is a little winding river dividing, as it were, the forest from the Downland, and eventually coming into the sea at Cuckmerehaven, near Seaford. The capital of the county, Lewes, is a quaint little town with its steep streets and old-fashioned houses. The castle dates from the time of the Conqueror, and of this two gateways, one of probably later date, remain. Many of the houses are fourteenth and fifteenth century, and on the modern racecourse was fought the Battle of Lewes in the thirteenth century.

It is interesting to note that the part of Sussex so far described was the home of the iron industry in olden days. Referring to Buxted, about four miles from Rotherfield on the edge of Ashdown Forest, an old rhyme has it that in the sixteenth century—

*"Master Huggett and his man John,*
*They did cast the first cannon."*

The last of the iron furnaces was in existence up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. One of the last jobs to be carried out in Sussex was making the iron railings which surround St. Paul's Cathedral. Many of the small villages, so easily accessible from Lewes, and tucked away in the folds of the Downs, are conspicuous for their old-world houses and their connections with smuggling days. Alfriston is a striking example of this. The Star Inn is famous amongst the old inns of Sussex, and is well worth a visit, while the church is described as the "Cathedral of the Downs" and has a clergy-house attached to it of old-world interest.

We pass on, however, from Lewes along the Brighton road and the southern slopes of the Downs, to Poynings and the Devil's Dyke, which lies some five miles north of Brighton itself and affords one of the finest views of the south country. Regaining the Lewes road, several miles of fine scenery are obtainable through Hassocks and West Grinstead, till we come to Petworth, some thirty-seven miles from Lewes. Petworth House is uninteresting save for its collection of pictures, one of the finest in England, but the park affords fine views north towards Haslemere and Hindhead, where Surrey and Sussex meet. Six miles farther brings one to Midhurst, where Cowdray House claims attention. This is amongst the most lovely ruins in the country, nor is its setting any the less beautiful. In a valley between the northern and southern hills the ruin stands of the period of Henry VIII. Tradition ascribes Cowdray as the work of the Southampton family, who were also owners of Battle Abbey. The place was destroyed by fire, and its owner perished at sea late in the eighteenth century, the result it is said of a curse which was laid on the family by one of the monks of Battle. The gatehouse, banqueting hall, and the various rooms still stand, a record of their one time beauty.

Still over the Downs the road takes one through West Dean, twelve miles, into Chichester. This town can be said to rank amongst the highest in its historical associations. Dating back to before the Roman Conquest, it pursues its history under various names through the landing of the Saxons in the fifth century to the Norman

*IN THE CAPITAL OF SUSSEX: The Priory ruins outside the lovely old town of Lewes, whose narrow High Street, running uphill, checks motorists on the arterial roads for a welcome medieval interlude*

era. It was afterwards ruled by the Earl of Shrewsbury and figured again conspicuously in the Civil War, when it was taken by Cromwell. There are many relics of the Roman occupation, even to a slab referring to "the Legate of Augustus in Britain." The cathedral does not compare with many others in the kingdom, its architecture being somewhat of a motley between Norman and early English. Three miles away is Goodwood House, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, and as famous for its works of art as for the racecourse, situated amongst the woods, with its views from Trundle Hill of the Downs.

By no means does this brief run through Sussex exhaust the category of her beauties or historic associations. Many scenes of loveliness, many points of interest, have of necessity been omitted. The tiny old-world villages, nestling in the valleys of the Downs, the Downs themselves so far undesecrated, save in very few places, by the hideosity of the modern bungalow or petrol pump station, constitute the chief charm of Sussex.


YOUR AUTUMN HOLIDAY?

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# "Thrillers" by Abdulla

## SOMEWHERE IN SPACE

Dick and Garth from the Moon returning
In an Aero-Rocket of strange design,
Steered day and night with Abdulla burning,
Inhaling deeply the smoke divine.
But a quarrel arose that was tense and bitter
Round the last loved Boxful of Cigarettes,
Till they let it drop where the great Stars glitter,
And Dick plunged headlong without regrets . . . .

Ere the Parachute from a Fond Relation
Unfurled o'er the Brave Explorer's head
He grabbed the Box with a fierce elation,
And floated Earthward till weeks had sped;
He owed his life to the Smokes he cherished—
His Lunar Lectures had charm and grace
And won him a Peerage—but poor Garth perished,
Abdulla-less and alone in Space!

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

# The MAKING of a STATE

By EMIL LUDWIG

(Continued from page 461)

"Dependence on the military is the result of every Dictatorship," I said, and the remark won me a questioning and perhaps also threatening glance from out of his dark corner. After I had sought to show why wars make Dictators and why Dictators then for the most part make wars, the Ghazi maintained silence for a while. He seemed to be trying to conceal his vexation at being forced indirectly to defend himself. Then he said :

"You spoke just now of ambition. Naturally, nothing is achieved without ambition, but it must be directed towards something impersonal, for instance a work for the whole nation. The leader must take his great decisions from the nation, he must test the nation and follow it. I called together a Parliament immediately, even before we had got rid of the Sultans. I put aside all rights as President—I did not retain even the right of granting pardons. All power came from the people—that is to say, from its chosen representatives. I am much less active than you think. Ask my Minister if I ever mix myself up in his affairs. I am always ready to devote myself to study and to abandon the Presidentship, to abandon even my military leadership."

"And also the chairmanship of the Party ?"

"Never that. For the Party incorporates the State policy which I hold to be right."

And, indeed, Kemal Pasha, in the opinion of foreigners of note who have lived here for years, and been spectators of his career, has done much to put into practice democratic ideas which tally with his humble origin and his critical attitude towards the Sultan regime. In 1924 he was offered the Sultanate, and even the Caliphate. Envoys from other Muhammadan lands came for this purpose to Angora, and it would have been in keeping with a long succession of palace revolutions going back hundreds of years if he, the military leader who had deposed the Sultan, had become the Sultan's successor.

He lives simply. He used to live with his old mother, who was kept in a state of terrible anxiety over her son's actions. Since his divorce, being childless, he has bequeathed all his possessions to the country. He supports the widow of his deadly enemy, avoids all description of pomp, battles against all symptoms of corruption, and on a charge of corruption has put his friend, the ex-Minister of Marine, in prison. Yes, Kemal has the democratic spirit in him and the will so to lead his life.

And yet he is a Dictator. When he travels through the towns and villages of the country in patriarchal style, taking peeps into the schools to see whether the people are learning to write, now and again actually giving a lesson in an open market-place, he seems to wear the aspect of the autocratic monarchs of the West, and if he astonishes the Turks it is only because they see in him a ruler who for the first time in their experience troubles himself about them.

Nevertheless only a portion of his ideas and orders are properly carried out in the country.

But just as no railway station, no hotel or lift, can be modern enough for him, so he takes over from Europe the most modern form of Government by the people, as it is called ; the exercise of power by a Party—a Party which he controls. All the deputies are nominated by him, and also elected, as there is no opposition. All new plans—other than those of his own devising—are submitted first to him and his friends, then to Parliament. As, however, in this particular case we have a people existing almost without classes or class distinction (at least all strata unite in accepting the new constitution) ; as the peasants, who represent 90 per cent. of the population, have profited by the abolition of a tithe-tax ; as the remaining 10 per cent. consists of disgruntled priests and of favourites who have been got rid of or are dumb ; and as only the Kurds in the East occasionally disturb the peace, the Dictator's will embodies that of the entire nation.

If we reflect, finally, that here we have an oppressed people, which yet is by nature brave and adaptable, in the process of being very rapidly raised to a higher level of civilization—just as in many outlying Swiss villages the gas stage has been skipped and people have passed straight from oil lamps to electric light—so one must recognize the steady pace at which the Ghazi, in contrast with Amanullah, proceeds step by step. It is true that with a turn of his hand he has introduced an entire code of new laws, bringing the Swiss civil law, the German trade law, the Italian criminal law in *en bloc* before Parliament, and causing them to be adopted as they stood, and in the same way, as his expert scholars could not agree within half a year over the new alphabet, he, with the assistance of his friends, fixed it up in a single night. But the way for the abolition of the fez and of the old writing had been prepared by him for years in advance. His most decisive action, the abolition of the Caliphate, was not effected all at once, edict-wise, but gradually, the people being made accustomed first to the idea ; but only the Intelligentzia, all of whom were brought up in the spirit of Parisian culture, were ready to accept the situation when the Ghazi, for the first time for hundreds of years, revived the categorical question, "Why, really, should religion be established for the people ?"

For the *second* time, one should say rather, for here, as in many other points, the Soviet had set him an example.

Kemal casts his shadow everywhere, and if you hold up a banknote against the light you see the Ghazi as a watermark like a symbolic *Cave, adsum !* When I remarked to him that people stood in fear of him he seemed to be astonished. "Ask the hall-porter here—even he does not stand in fear of me. You can build up nothing on fear. Power founded on cannon will always turn out to be evanescent. In the course of a revolution one needs them, and sometimes a Dictatorship also. Great undertakings are never carried through by a committee. Here you see to-day a perfectly peaceful land. We do not need another quarter-of-a-mile of territory ; our territory is, if anything, too large rather than too small for our necessities. With all other nations we have peace and arbitration treaties, and the army is there only to protect us from any new attack."

"Why, then, is the Press not free also ?"

"It is free so long as it does not attack the laws of the State. We are a Republic—a secular State."

Kemal hates the Greeks, although he owes his success to their rash folly. It is manifest, also, that he cannot bear the other European races, and that he is in the extraordinary predicament of having to go to that West whose control over his people he has broken for everything he needs in order to continue to withstand it. His worst import from Europe is that of Nationalism. I asked him whether there was not inconsistency in this.

"Not at all !" he replied. "Modern science is international. We shall take good care to remain Turkish. Nor can I admit the force of your comparison with Peter the Great. He forced reforms down the throats of his people. The Turks are a civilized race of ancient origin, and we are now in a position to demonstrate that we are not of Mongol stock, but of a stock which dates back to a period before the Greeks settled in Smyrna."

I was surprised to find that the *Zeitgeist* was so powerful as to make a Dictator shelter himself behind a Parliament, and appeal for backing to ethnological researches after his own courage and understanding had raised him to such a pinnacle, but Napoleon also indulged in such tactics when he instituted the plebiscites at which he laughed in private. The Ghazi, who is serious-minded, like all Turks, for they have neither the virtues nor the weaknesses of a Mediterranean race, is not disturbed by this discrepancy, and his realism and his negation of everything fanciful enable him to believe in an arbitrary imitation of definite influences.


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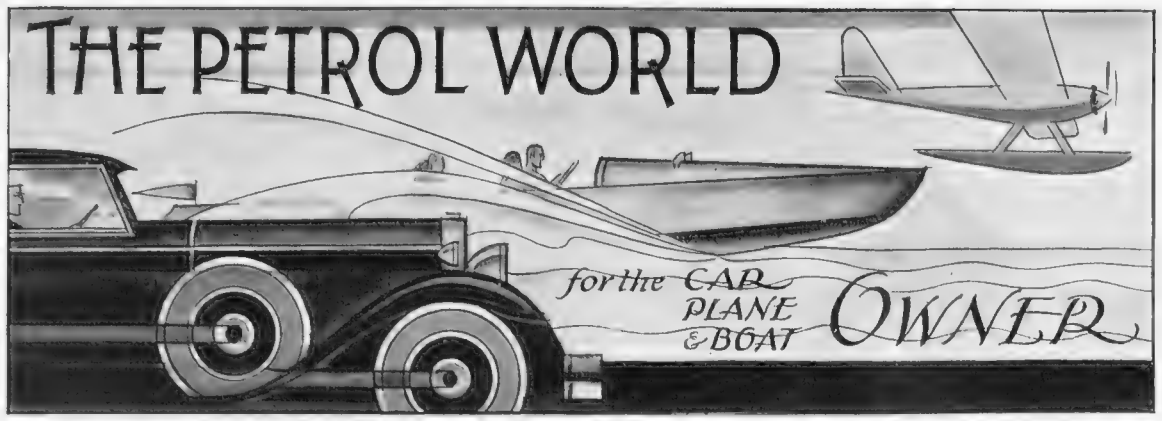


**The Petrol World on LAND, conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.**

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")*

***THE SILVER CROSSLEY.***—Before dealing with the highly-interesting programmes which have already been issued by British motor manufacturers for the coming season, I am going to relate my experience of a very interesting car which I recently tested on the road, the car in question being the new Silver Crossley.

When one starts out on a trial of a car bearing such a name and reputation, I realize that one is apt to be biased before even getting into the driving-seat. For years now Crossley Motors, Ltd., have produced cars at moderate prices which have enjoyed satisfactory popularity, and even before they turned their attention to the manufacture of automobiles the name of Crossley was of great significance wherever stationary internal combustion engines were concerned. Their latest creation has a performance not only in keeping with the reputation that the firm has already built up, but I think I can justly add that it is by far the best Crossley production that has ever been seen. Crossley cars in the past have been good, but there has always been a slight lack of refinement. The cars would go well, keep on going well, and were doubtless eminently satisfactory to their owners. But I have always thought that they were heavy cars to drive, not from the point of view of avoirdupois, but on account of a certain clumsiness of control.

To-day with this new Silver Crossley that very slight flaw is not only removed but the pendulum has swung well over to the other side. The new model definitely belongs to the aristocratic class of motor-cars. It is full of good breeding and is a delightful car to handle. To start with, the engine, which has six cylinders, is comparatively moderate in size when the weight and accommodation of the complete car is taken into consideration. It is a sweet-running unit with no apparent vibration at any point in its range of revolutions. It pulls well and never seems to get tired.

***STEERING AND BRAKING.***—In these days, however, engines, though important, are not the be-all and end-all of a car. The two features which are always more than usually important to me are the steering and the brakes. The former on this Crossley is light yet positive, and can be controlled easily with one hand. The brakes are most reassuring and allow the driver to utilize the acceleration and the speed which the engine gives him. Those operated by the pedal require a fair amount of pressure on the latter to bring them into action, but they are progressive, smooth acting, and their full force never appears to be required. The hand-brake, unlike most of its kind, is as good if not better than those controlled by the pedal.

The gear-box is really a dream of delight. All the gears are remarkably silent, and the "closeness" of the third and top allow the car to be driven at a surprisingly high average speed. Driving up from Selsey the other week-end I had one of the most interesting drives I have ever had when sitting behind the wheel of this Silver Crossley. I was surprised to find how many cars famed for their high speed I was able to pass on the hills and even on the straight. I think I surprised the drivers of these cars, and although I was pressing the Crossley to its limit it always remained an interesting, a delightful, and a safe car to handle.

The saloon body with which the car was fitted was sumptuously fitted out, in fact I am unable to offer any criticism regarding it or the chassis though I tried hard to discover a fault. Judging by my experience I should say that Crossley Motors, Ltd., will have a very successful year in 1931.

Several firms have now announced their 1931 programmes, and taking these as a whole the tendency seems to be towards a slight reduction in price, better equipment, and in one or two instances the introduction of a new model.

**The Silver Crossley:** The new 15·7 h.p. six-cylinder Silver Crossley in a beautiful old-world corner at Hidersham, Cambridgeshire. This attractive and luxurious car is moderately priced at £545

ROVER.—I will first of all deal with the Rover programme. This consists of four different models, the 10–25 h.p., the 2-litre, the Light 20, and the Meteor. Substantial price reductions have been made, not through the substitution of inferior materials or workmanship, but because economies have been effected in production. Even on the cheapest model a safety-glass wind-screen is fitted. Rovers have discarded the electric horn of orthodox type, and in

*(Continued on page 484)*

*By Appointment to His Majesty the King*

For the lean cruisers at Cowes, the sleek carriages of Paris, for the engines of eager aircraft, but one oil is acknowledged worthy. Named Castrol, it assumed leadership many years ago. By sheer performance it attained supremacy; by constant improvement its pre-eminence is maintained by the Britons who make it. Yet Castrol costs no more than lesser oils—it is as popular on the coast roads as in Piccadilly.

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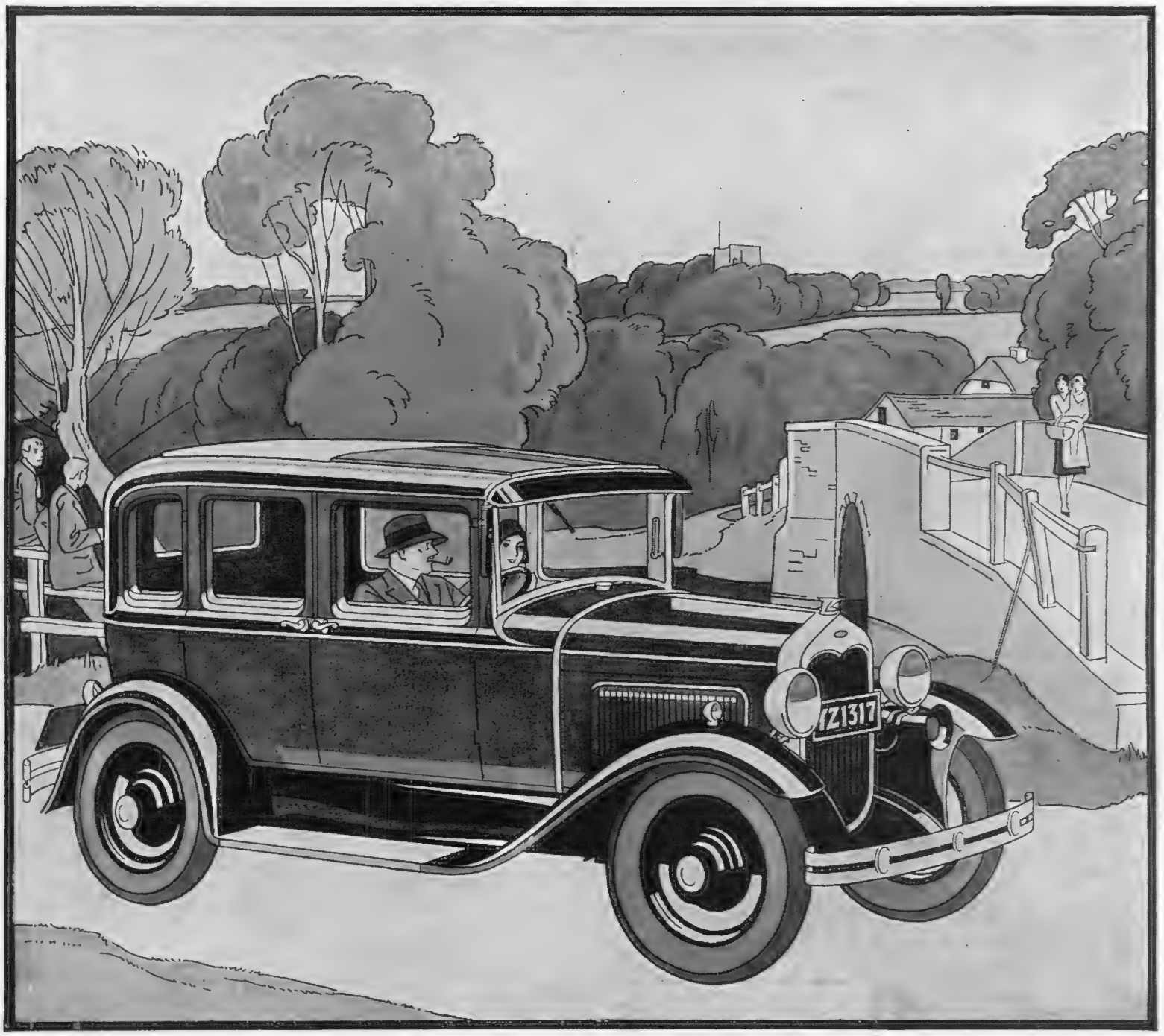


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SILENT RUNNING, of a kind usually associated with high-priced motor cars, is another enjoyable feature of the new Fords.

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The flexible and powerful Ford engine is silent running. The pistons are specially designed for non-slapping. Valve noise is silenced by special oil cushioning. The engine controls are designed and built to be unusually smooth acting and rattle proof.

Ford bodies have a silence ordinarily associated with high-priced cars. For example, Ford car doors are equipped with rubber buffers designed to prevent rattles.

Ford silence is the symbol of right design, careful building and efficient operation. It illustrates the care that is used throughout in designing and building these beautiful cars.

Go to your dealer and enjoy a trial run in one of the closed or open body types. Experience the safe, economical, enjoyable — silent — transportation which the new Ford cars are bringing to an ever-increasing number of owners. Ford Motor Company Limited, London and Manchester.

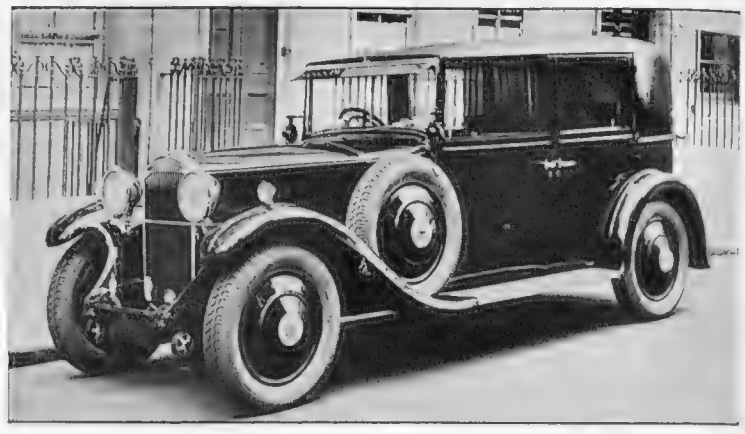
LINCOLN Ford Fordson

**A Nest of "Vipers":** A consignment of new six-cylinder Wolseley Vipers ready for despatch to dealers. Within a few hours of the announcement of the new model, several hundred cars were sent out

# The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

*(Continued from preceding page)*

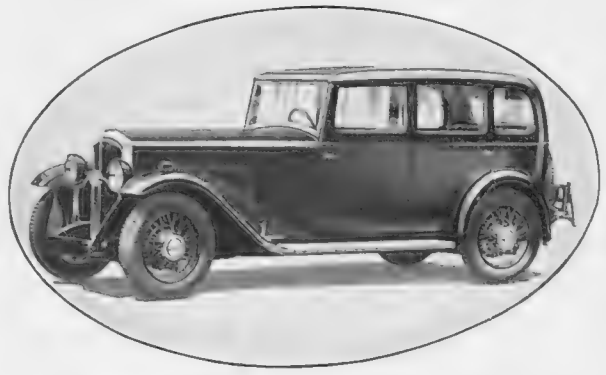


**The Choice of a Connoisseur:** The Humber cabriolet de ville delivered to H.R.H. the Duke of York by the Car Mart, Ltd. The coachwork is by Thrupp and Maberly, the well-known carriage-builders

its place is a small but attractive chromium-plated disc mounted between the head-lamps. This type of hooter was seen amongst the gallery exhibits at the last Olympia Show, but it had not then been standardized as is now the case with Rover cars. Another example of the thoroughness of Rover equipment is the fitting of a radiator stone-guard on every car. This is not only a useful adjunct, but considerably enhances the front appearance of the car.

As regards the 10–25-h.p. model several minor improvements have been made; the front doors of the saloon now open forwards, thus providing easier access and egress for the front passengers. Several minor mechanical modifications have also been incorporated. The 2-litre has a larger chassis to accommodate the new steel bodies and the four-door Weymann saloons. Its suspension has been improved and it has a 4-speed gear-box, the third gear of which, like that of the Light 20 and on the Meteor, is of the silent type. The Light Twenty is an entirely new model, and is fitted with a 20-h.p. six-cylinder engine, its acceleration being well above the average. The remaining model, the Meteor, which was first introduced this year, has now a lower centre of gravity, and the body accommodation has been increased.

ALVIS.—The 1931 Alvis programme consists of three models so far as the chassis are concerned. These are the Silver Eagle six-cylinder standard chassis, the Silver Eagle six-cylinder sports chassis, and a completely up-to-date 12–50 four-cylinder chassis. The first of these is the well-known wide-track Silver Eagle model which first came on the market some months ago. This is the first Alvis car with a full wide track and long wheel-base, and it has met with such success that no alterations have been made for the new season. The sports chassis has the well-known Alvis three-carburetter induction system, and a close-ratio gear-box. The new 12–50-h.p. car is the successor to the similar model which was really the mainstay of the Alvis programme some years ago. In fact the old 12–50-h.p. Alvis was responsible for first establishing the good name of the firm amongst motorists. It has been included in the programme to meet the requirements of that large body of motorists who feel the necessity for absolute minimum running costs combined with such Alvis characteristics as speed, smoothness and sturdiness. It has a particularly low frame, which on a deep radiator allows very attractive coach-work to be fitted to it. There is no getting away from the fact that although a six-cylinder engine has many attractive features it is definitely more expensive to run than a corresponding four-cylinder job. The Alvis Company are undoubtedly wise therefore in re-introducing this 12–50, as they are one of the few British manufacturers who have always been able to produce a really well-balanced, powerful, yet smooth-running four-cylinder engine.



**A Newcomer:** The Rover Six-cylinder Light Twenty, which is an entirely new model for the forthcoming season. The bodywork is obtainable either in pressed steel or fabric (Weymann)

WOLSELEY.—The new Wolseley Viper, which is a six-cylinder car at a very low cost, was one of the sensations of the new 1931 programmes. I was told that over £100,000 worth of these cars actually left the works in one day, being purchased by dealers, and are now on view at various showrooms throughout the country. When the agents were summoned to the works to inspect this new model, the organization was such that the dealers could be supplied with demonstration models straight away.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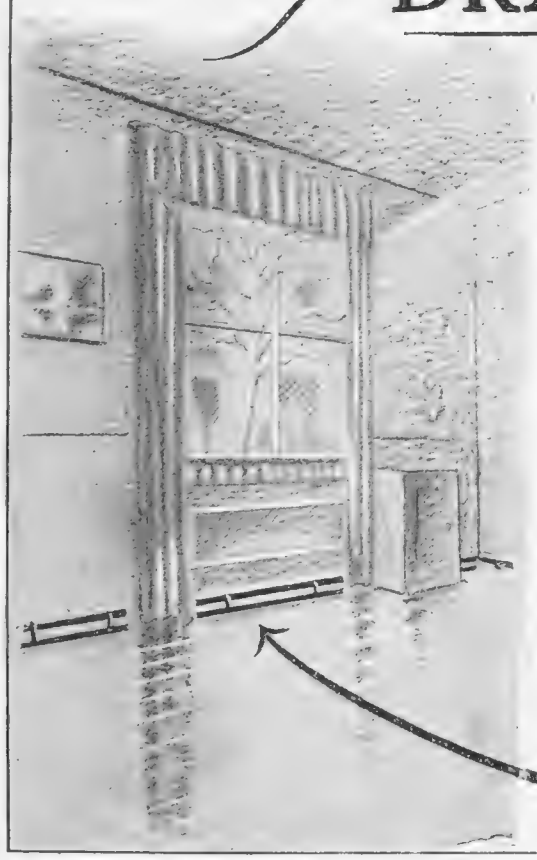

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# HEROISM *or* FOLLY?

## The law that a Captain should go down with his ship is seriously questioned

**By COMMANDER F. G. COOPER, R.D., R.N.R.**

The unwritten law of the sea ordains that the captain should be the last man to abandon his ship in case of disaster: this is tradition, and the violator of tradition is frequently mistaken for a rebellious insurgent—but is that attitude just?

I am moved to this discussion by the report of the wreck of the German motorship *Monte Cervantes* in the Straits of Magellan, which disaster took place some months ago. This ship struck an uncharted rock in that not too well surveyed strait named after Magellan. She was not the first ship to encounter disaster in those waters, but the report before me states that after striking she commenced to heel over; discipline was perfect, no panic prevailed, and all hands were evacuated without mishap, but the captain, true to tradition, refused to abandon his ship, and went to his death in her. The question arises as to the object of such sacrifice; is such a death heroism or folly?—and in asking the question, I am fully conscious of that law of Solon which enjoins us to speak nothing but good of the dead.

In war and in peace, to seek death when it can be avoided with honour is suicide, *tout court*, and no *post mortem* rhetoric, however elevated, will alter the fact that death is sometimes easier to meet than the taunts and jibes of an unjust and cynical world, actuated only by motives of finance. There have been recent cases of shipwreck in which the captain, true to tradition, has gone to his death when he might have been saved, and the motive was obvious, and as false as it was obvious. This mythical tradition which ordains that a shipmaster shall perish with his ship is a result of false reasoning and wrong premises. It is obvious that any leader of men worthy of the name will not seek safety until all those in his care, and for whose safety he is responsible, are placed in security.

In a passenger ship the duty of the crew, in case of disaster, is to take care of the passengers, and those who are so frequently ready to criticise the number of the crew who survive a disaster in which many passengers lost their lives are apt to forget that, without the assistance of competent seamen, many more passengers would probably have gone down with the ship. When, however, everything humanly possible has been done, and all passengers removed to a place of comparative safety, the captain who remains at his post and sinks with his ship is committing suicide, and by no subsequent circumstances can his act be otherwise described, despite the pain such a statement would cause to those belonging to him. There are circumstances when it would be morally a braver act on the part of the captain if he took means to save himself, and so be able to assist at subsequent legal proceedings, probably to the benefit of his employers or the underwriters, or both. The story upon which the late Joseph Conrad founded his tale entitled *Lord Jim* is apposite to this subject, for it treats of an actual disaster at sea, in which an unworthy and cowardly shipmaster deserts his ship in an emergency, evades the consequences of his conduct by flight, and leaves an unfortunate officer who remained at his post to bear the burden of his misconduct.

In a world rapidly becoming devoted to the high principles of humanitarianism, is it not possible to bring about a change of those conditions which influence a man to seek death by drowning, rather than survive and face the world? There can surely be no reflection on the character of a man who, due to an act of God, or perhaps to an error of judgment, loses the ship which he commands. The surgeon who commits a blunder entailing the death of a patient does not commit suicide, neither has he reason to contemplate such an act; the lawyer who confuses his client's affairs to such an extent that heavy financial losses ensue does not seek oblivion in a gas-oven or the nearest river; these men live to fight another day, and it is only the unfortunate seaman who is driven to take such final steps. The servitude of the sea is austere and exacting, and while some men sail through their professional life free from accident, there are others who, through no fault of their own, fade into oblivion, driven there by an indurated civilization which demands a victim.

It is evident from what has been witnessed in recent months that there is something radically wrong with the mentality of seamen to-day, for in spite of the increased aids to safe navigation that science has devised, the number and magnitude of casualties at sea appear to be on the increase. A strange fatality seems to pursue the best class of ships of late years, suggesting that either the art of seamanship is decaying or that modern conditions of sea life, with the constant hurry and rush, are undermining the mentality of seamen. Critics who have closely studied the circumstances of recent disasters incline to the latter view, and among them may be counted the present writer. The supplanting of human control by mechanical control has not tended to improve human judgment, and the collective mentality of seamen may possibly be undergoing a process of disintegration, due to the introduction of the many time- and labour-saving contraptions which are now usual in ships, with the result that the seaman's brain is becoming mechanical, like that of the factory worker, who, day after day, performs the same monotonous, soul-destroying tasks.

It has been shown by actual results that slow-witted people become better operatives at mechanical work where labour is minutely sub-divided, and are less likely to suffer from accidents than those gifted with imagination and the faculty of reflection, and the application of this observation to modern navigation is obvious. The close control of the affairs of ships by means of wireless, the comparative absence of responsibility for the ship when in port, especially as regards the disposition of the cargo, and the almost implicit trust of the navigator in the numerous so-called aids to navigation by which he is surrounded, tend to the production of atrophy of mind, with the result that in an emergency the brain ceases to function normally, and will not respond with alacrity to the requirements of the situation. History is full of cases of the strange, inexplicable actions of otherwise great men, which seems to indicate that at the moment of their strange conduct their brains had refused to act.

The conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing discussion indicates that conditions of life at sea at the present time are conducive to greater mental strain than in any profession or calling on shore. The calling of the seaman is an exacting one, and demands vigorous qualities of both mind and body, and there are to-day many men in the prime of life who can recall the days when the very hardships of a sea life did invigorate the brain, whereas the comparative ease of sea life to-day appears to lead to mental stagnation.


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## A BRISTOL COMPANY CORRECTION

We have received the following letter from The Bristol Aeroplane Company :—

"Filton House, Bristol, England,
"2nd September, 1930.

"The Editor, 'THE SPHERE.'

"DEAR SIR,—Our attention has been called to a statement made on page 347 of your issue of August 23rd last, reading as follows" :—

> 'The *Do.X.* was equipped with 12 Jupiter motors manufactured in Germany under licence. They did not prove satisfactory, and 12 American Curtiss Conqueror motors have replaced them.'

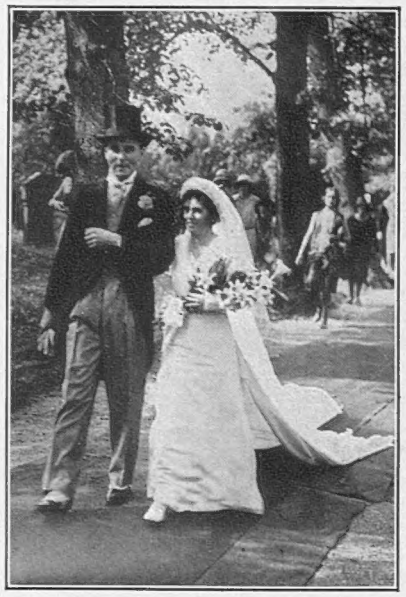
"As you are probably aware, it is the intention to attempt a flight from Europe to America with the *Do.X.* machine, and it is hoped, we are informed, that the success of such a flight may result in substantial business being obtained for this type of aircraft in the United States of America.' Under the circumstances it has been considered desirable to link up, so far as the engine position is concerned, with strong American influences and this accounts for the replacement of the European-made Jupiter engines with units of American make.

"We trust in your next issue you will take steps to remove the entirely erroneous impression conveyed by the statement which appeared in the issue in question, which we consider may be very damaging to the interests of the Jupiter engine.

"Yours faithfully,
"The Bristol Aeroplane Co., Ltd.,
"H. J. THOMAS,
"Director."

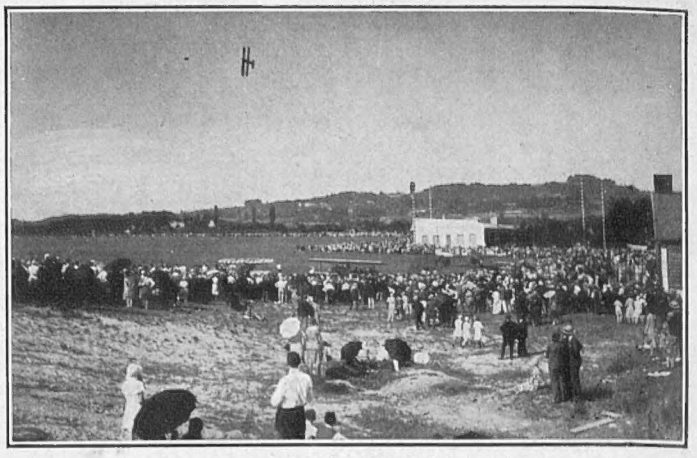
## "'TWIXT LOMBARD STREET AND CORNHILL"

A history of some of the square yards of the most famous "square mile" in the world, written and illustrated entirely by members of the staff of a bank, has been published by Lloyds Bank to mark the opening of their new head office in Lombard Street. *'Twixt Lombard Street and Cornhill* tells the story of the site on which the new head office of the bank stands. It is a site crowded with the ghosts of men, legendary and real, who have played their parts in the building of London as the financial centre of the world. It brings vividly before us these men, their hopes, ambitions, failures, successes, and their contact with the great ones of the past. The book is bound in imitation vellum, and its pages are reminiscent of the work of the old-time monks whose illustrated manuscripts are among our greatest treasures. There are many full-page illustrations in colour, and the letterpress is embellished by ornamental letters and scrolls in gold and colours. Each page is bordered with small sketches of the people and incidents mentioned in the book. The author has captured the ancient spirit of the City. He has been fortunate in his colleagues of the bank, whose drawings and sketches set before us the vivid word-pictures which he draws in our minds. The book is a fascinating thumb-nail" history of the City of London, and one which provides new and interesting information.



A NOTABLE WEDDING: Mr. W. B. Enever and his bride, formerly Miss Isla Howard-Williams, the only daughter of the distinguished director of the Central Argentine and other railways. The wedding was celebrated at All Saints, Harrow Weald

# ODDS and ENDS



A FAMOUS ACE AT LAUSANNE-OUCHY: Udet, the notable aviator, gives an exhibition of stunt flying at the Aerodrome de la Blecherette, an attraction of the famous resort on Lake Leman

## TOURISTS IN ITALY.

As there seems to be misconception in some quarters regarding the effect of the earthquake in Italy, the Italian Travel Bureau in London points out that the earthquake was confined to a limited area east of Naples that is not visited by tourists. Naples itself was practically unharmed, and such resorts as Sorrento, Amalfi, and Capri, on the Naples Riviera, where many people go in summer for sea-bathing, are remote from the affected area. The Italian Travel Bureau has had many inquiries as to whether it is "safe" to go to the Dolomites, Italian Lakes, Italian Riviera, and other summer resorts hundreds of miles from the scene of the earthquake. The answer is definitely in the affirmative.

## THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

When the interest not only of the Empire but of the world, civilized and non-civilized, is centred on the "front" from Rawalpindi to Kabul, a clear exposition both of the racial and territorial problems attaching thereto is of immense value. If, in addition, such a volume gives an outline of the history of the district, it is doubly precious. Such a book is to be found in a publication by Macmillan and Co. It is entitled *From the Black Mountain to Waziristan*. It is written by Colonel H. C. Wylly, who was stationed on the Frontier, and in consequence has personal experience of its problems. The book, besides being authoritative, is clear to the layman.

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# Do Men do This?

Read "The Vicar's Wife" by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. It is a remarkable Story with a remarkable Theme—How two people, to whom Parenthood was denied, found strange solace for an Empty Cradle, and of the "Graven Image," creation of a Girl Wife's distracted imagining, before which they "bowed down and worshipped" in a tragic heresy of Make-believe.

IT was a doll of about thirty inches in height, the size, if not the shape, of a child of about two years old. The body, the arms to the elbows and the legs to the knees were of cotton, stuffed with sawdust, but the head, hands and feet were of wax, pink and slippery. . . . It had been placed flat upon its back in the cot and was dressed simply in a nightdress of fine linen, exquisitely worked with lace. A string of bright blue china beads (the only relic of doll-dom) encircled its throat.

The shock to Dr. Kirby must have been tremendous: he had turned the coverlet back mechanically and as mechanically had taken the creature's left wrist, feeling for its pulse. Then—still holding the wrist—he had turned and faced Hardyment as he sat at his wife's side on the couch, trying to tear some explanation from the man by the compelling power of his eyes.

And once again that evening he knew the truth from the Vicar's face—the improbable, almost impossible, truth which yet *was* true—a belief which demanded the most delicate treatment, the tenderest touch, as it wavered on the brink between sanity and madness. . . . He had turned meaning to rend him for this most sinister of practical jokes—and instead he had found both man and wife waiting for him, their eyes fixed, eagerly and fearfully, on his face.

"Is she worse, Doctor?" whispered Hardyment. "Will she live?" . . . .

Suddenly, terribly, Dr. Kirby wanted to laugh.

But the laughter was quelled within him, shamed into silence by the expression in their eyes. . . . They believed that the doll was their child. They believed it to be alive. The whole thing was preposterous, of course—the sort of madness woven in a madhouse—but there it was. How it had come to pass was no concern of his. *His* concern now was for the Hardyments in their delusion, and for *their* health's sake he must keep up this pitiable pretence.

His brain worked quickly. Action must come now. Questions could come later. . . .

"THE BARBARIAN," by Rex Beach.
"IN THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS," by F. Britten Austin.
"THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST," by Beatrice Grimshaw.
"WHEN I WAS DOWN AND OUT," by Gilbert Frankau.
"THE FAKE OF THE FILM STAR," by Hannen Swaffer.
"THESE DISCREET BIOGRAPHIES," by Beverley Nichols.
"THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH," by Storm Jameson.
"THIS ENGLAND OF YOURS," by Jacqueline Logan.
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